

PIALOGUES, RECITATIONS, AND READINGS.

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TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION,

-BY-

THOMAS MCMURRAY.

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LIGHT

YOR THE

TEMPERANCE PLATFORM:

A COLLECTION OF

READINGS, RECITATIONS, AND DIALOGUES,

FOR

SONS OF TEMPERANCE, GOOD TEMPLARS, CADETS OF TEMPERANCE, BANDS OF HQPE, ETC., ETC.

EDITED BY

GEO. MACLEAN ROSE, G.W.P., S. of T.



TORONTO:
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1874.

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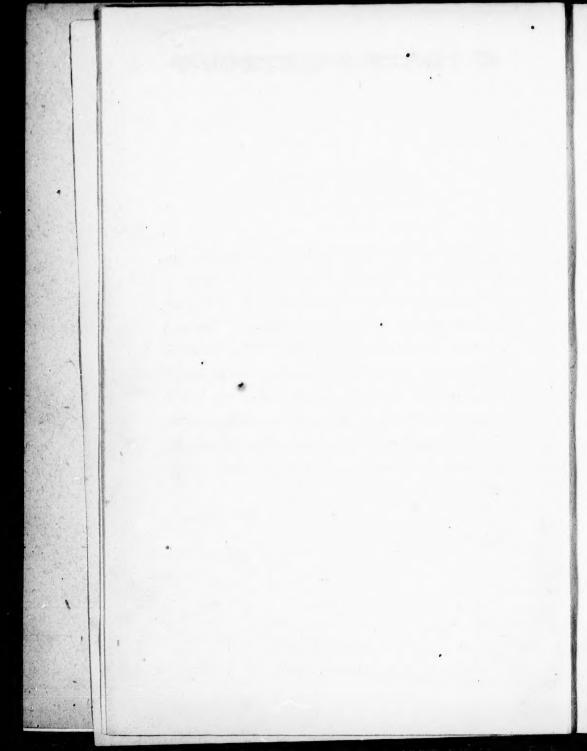


PREFACE.

SERIES of selections from the best authors, suitable for reading and recitation in temperance meetings, has long been desired by those who wish to see the literary taste of the members of the various and numerous temperance societies improved and elevated. With the view of meeting this necessity, the first part of the series now presented was undertaken, and is submitted to the friends of the Temperance Reform, in the hope that it may supply, to a certain extent, the long-felt want, and give satisfaction to those for whose especial use it is intended.

THE EDITOR.

TORONTO, July, 1874.



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LIGHT

FOR THE

TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

DRINK.*

NE bitter cold night, when the snow drifted deep, And choked up the pathways in many a heap: The earth was wrapt up in its cold icy shroud-The frost biting keenly, the wind roaring loud: O how it did revel! O how it did shout! And I thought of the wanderer freezing without, And the mariner tossing upon the wild sea; Of the houseless and homeless, where'er they might be. Drawing nearer the chimney, I thought of the woes-Of the legions of ills poor humanity knows-War, pestilence, poverty, plagues manifold, And the crimes reeking up from the worship of gold! I thought of the millions who struggle and groan, And live lives of sorrow for sins not their own; I thought of the drunkard, the sorrows and woes Which follow his footsteps wherever he goes; The strife and the heart-break the world cannot know, The tears of his wife that continually flow,

B

Written by ALEXANDER McLachlan, for the meeting of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance of North America, held at Ottawa, on the 17th June, 1874. 1

THE TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

The children that silently suffer and sink,
And die a death daily that father may drink,—
And I cried, "Of all evils with which earth is cursed
The demon Intemp'rance is surely the worst!"

Where'er it approaches, the virtues depart; It softens the brain and it hardens the heart: It empties the purse, and it empties the head; It sears up the conscience; strikes sympathy dead: Makes the wise man a fool, and the true man a knave: The rich man a pauper; the free man a slave; Makes any man silly, and robs him of soul. And gives to the Devil full power and control: It stirs up the passions and sets them on fire. And eats up the heart with a burning desire; It robs man of honour and woman of grace, And modesty's blushes it drives from her face: It robs men of intellect, poisons the mind. Leaves fame, and distinction, and glory behind: And the true son of genius, so brilliant of yore. Lo! he "pleads at the bar" for another glass more.

We call ourselves Christians, and build holy fanes,
Yet license our neighbours to addle our brains;
We keep the "Still" going—the foundation of crime—
And build jails and gibbets—O wisdom sublime!
We spread out the snare, dig the dark pit of sin,
Then hang up the victim because he fell in;
We make the temptation, and punish the crime—
And thank God we live in a virtuous time:
And so goes the farce on! 'till, what do you think?
Good people believe in religion and drink!

We call ourselves Christians that live in the light,
And pity the nations that wander in night;
We feel for the Heathen on ruin's dark brink,
And send them out Bibles, gunpowder, and drink;
But while far away to the heathen we roam,
We stand much in need of conversion at home;
For a good sober heathen is better by far
Than Christians who "practise too much at the bar."

We've met here, my brothers, to hasten the time, When men won't be tempted to madness and crime. We've met here as Christians, determined to try To stifle the fountain and stop the supply; To give our religion a practical root, And make it to bear its legitimate fruit. We call on our rulers to take up the cause, And pass Prohibition as one of our laws; And help to get rid of the sins of the past, And leave earth at least somewhat better at last.

THE removal of drink would be an incalculable blessing to our land. It would be a consummation solemnized by the hallelujahs of all true patriots.

THE temperate and not the drunken, the respectable and not the infamous, give weight, currency, and power to false notions and pernicious customs connected with strong drink; they are able, and they ought to put them down. They are responsible.



THE DRUNKARD.

ALE and haggared there he sits

Amidst that would-be jovial crew
Who loudlyto the landlord call
Their empty glasses to renew:
Rude oaths his ashen lips defile,
Thick clouds of smoke his form surround,
While coarse, lewd, bacchanalian songs
Throughout the spacious room resound.

He thinks not of his wretched wife, In a poor lodging, cold and alone, Striving to cast her care aside, That she may soothe her infant's moan. Poor babe, its feeble, plaintive cry Falls sadly on the mother's ear; And tho', half famished, cold, and sad, She tries her suffering child to cheer.

And where is he who should be near To share and sooth her heartfelt grief— Who should be near his dying boy, E'en though he could not give relief? Faint—fainter grows the infant's breath, Faint—fainter grows its piteous cry; Yet weep not, mother, but rejoice To see your suffering baby die.

And where is he? ah, where is he? Asleep upon the alchouse floor,

While his poor half-distracted wife Knocks loudly at the safe-barred door: The burly landlord stands amazed, And thinks her senses must have fled, As wildly she shrieks forth the words: "Awake him? for his child is dead!"

KIND WORDS.

KIND words can never die!

Heaven gave them birth;

Winged with a smile they fly
All o'er the earth.

Kind words the angels brought,

Kind words our Saviour taught—

Sweet melodies of thought!

Who knows their worth?

Kind deeds can never die!

Though weak and small,

From His bright home on high,

God sees them all;

He doth reward with love,

All those who faithful prove;

Round them where'er they move,

Rich blessings fall.

SELF-INTEREST, appearance, folly, have put forth many falsehoods about uses and virtues of strong drink, which should be publicly refuted and exposed.



THE POOR MAN'S DARLING.

A TALE OF HARD TIMES.

You were life, you were light, you were all to me:
Oh, our hearts are sad, and our cot is lone,
For we miss your face by the old hearthstone.

We cannot laugh, for we do not hear Your merry laugh, love, so soft and clear; We never dance as we danced of yore, When your little feet beat the cabin floor.

But we gather round the fire at night, And the white walls gleam in the ruddy light; There we see your cloak and your little chair— But oh, my darling, you are not there!

Your prayer-book is faded, old, and brown— Here and there, as you left them, the leaves turned down; And oh, my darling, I even trace Your finger marks in some well-worn place.

Then each faded leaf I fondly kiss; Oh, no relic of old is so dear as this! And I weep, my darling, when none are near, O'er the little fingers that rested here.

My gentle Eily, you came to me In the cold dark hour of adversity: We were very poor, but a jewel rare Shone on our hearth, love, when you were there.

Dearer you grew to our hearts each day— Every cold, harsh thought, love, you smiled away: And each want in our love we soon forgot, For you brought content to our humble cot.

Light was my heart as I toiled away—
For I thought of you as I tossed the hay;
And the fairest blossoms that round me grew,
My own little darling, I kept for you.

Blithely I sang when my toil was o'er, As I sauntered on to our cabin door; For I saw, in the shade of the old ash-tree, Your smiling face looking out for me.

Ah, me! how your sweet blue eyes would shine, As I climbed the hill with your hand in mine; But you talked so wise that you made me start And clasp you close to my trembling heart.

The golden Autumn glided past, And the dreaded Winter came on at last; While smaller each day grew our little store, Till the last had gone, and we had no more.

Hunger, my darling, is hard to bear; Still, without murmur you bore your share; Like a patient spirit you hovered near, In want and in sorrow our hearts to cheer.

THE TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

Katey and Mary would cry for bread, But you laughed and danced, love, and sang instead; Oh, dear little heart! you were kind and brave; You knew there was none, so you did not crave.

You sang when your voice was faint and weak, When the bloom had flown from your fair round cheek; In your tiny breast gnawed the hunger pain, But your lips, my darling, would not complain.

Oh, 'twas sweet to feel your soft arms twine, And your warm young face pressing close to mine. "Are you hungry, love?" I would whisper low; But you shook your head, and you answered, "No."

My darling! I saw you fade away Like the last soft glance of the closing day; As the dying note of some magic strain That charms the heart, then is hushed again.

The shadows of death, love, dimmed your eyes, As the dark clouds pass o'er the sunny skies; And the drooping lids o'er those sweet eyes fell At the last soft stroke of the vesper bell.

A little sigh—it was all I heard— Like the fluttering wing of a captive bird; And a sobbing voice, from behind the bed, Saying: "Father, father, is Eily dead?"



GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

O, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold proud world's scorn;
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to manhood's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt—
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued—thy tears defied!

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow!
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirror'd, his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory feeling's fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to thy mother's side, And her crush'd spirit cheer; Thine own deep anguish hide,-Wipe from her cheek the tear; Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow, The grey that streaks her dark hair now, Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb, And trace the ruin back to him Whose plighted faith, in early youth Promised eternal love and truth; But who, forsworn, hath yielded up That promise to the cursed cup; And led her down through love and light, And all that made her pathway bright, And chained her there 'mid want and strife-That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife; And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild, That withering blight,—the drunkard's child.

Go, hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,—
See if its brightness can atone;

Think if its flavour you would try, If all proclaimed, "'Tis, drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe,—abhor,—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirr'd
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell!

FIGHT ON!

FIGHT on, fight on, ye warriors true and brave! Fight on, and far aloft your banners wave; Wave the broad banner o'er the battle-field. Bear on with stalwart arm the temperance shield. Use well your swords, fast let the arrows fly; Your cause is just, the tyrant soon must die; The demon, Drink, must fly before your face; No longer let him curse the human race. The enemy alike of God and man, Through him the woes of thousands first began. Let us, then, join together hand and heart; Let every son of temperance bear a part Against the traffic in the accursed drink, By which (oh, dreadful thought!) vast myriads sink Down into realms of woe, the dread abode, Where Alcohol, the enemy of God, Was long ago by fiendish arts designed, To bring about the ruin of mankind.

PARKERER REGERAL

DRUNK IN THE STREET.

RUNK in the street!

A woman arrested to-day in the city!

Comely and young, the paper said—

Scarcely twenty the item read;

A woman and wife—kind angels pity!

Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!
Yes! crazy with liquor! her brain on fire!
Reeling, plunging, stagg'ring along—
Singing a strain of a childish song—
At last she stumbles and falls in the mire,
Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!

What news to send the dear ones at home,
Who're wond'ring what has detained so long
The wife and the mother—yet think no wrong.
The day is waning—night has come—
Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!

Drag her away to a station bed!

Helpless, senseless, take her away:

Shut her up from the light of day:

Would, for the sake of her friends, she were dead!

Drunk in the street!

Draw nigh and look!

On a couch of straw in a station-cell,

Is lying a form of matchless mould!

With her hair dishevelled—so pale and cold—

Yet tainting the air with the fumes of hell!

Draw nigh and look!

How sad the sight!

The sunlight streaming across the floor,
 It rouses the sleeper to life again:
 But oh! the anguish, the grief, the pain!

As thoughts of the shame come crowding o'er—
 How sad the sight!

But hark! a sound!

The bolt flies back, she is told to rise—

Her friends are waiting to take her home;

They know it all, yet in love they come,

But with speechless lips and tearless eyes—

The lost one's found!

Let's reason now:

Suppose 'twas your mother, your sister, your wife,
Who'd stained her soul with liquid fire—
Who'd laid her womanhood in the mire—
Who'd barter'd away her bright young life—
Who'd fallen low:

And then again,
Suppose the fiends you've licensed to sell,
Had sought to ruin a much loved son,
Esteemed and honoured by every one,

And were dragging him down to a drunkard's hell With might and main—

Would you keep still?
Is it nothing to you that such things be?
You who have little ones soon to be men
And women to take your place—what then?
Is it nothing to you if you're bond or free?
Have you no will?

Work night and day!

Nail up the bars where liquor is sold!

Free your town from its load of death!

Add no more to the ghastly wreath

Of widows and orphans whose knell you've tolled:

Work, fight, and pray.

The end will come!

God help and strengthen us day by day,
And nerve us for the coming strife!

Our foes are strong—they struggle for life—
But God is stronger than they—
The end will come!

WHILE the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is sanctioned by law; while tempting drinking customs are cherished and perpetuated; and while hospitality, good fellowship, friendship, social and mercantile intercourse, are wed to strong drink, the production of drunkards is certain. Surely it is high time that this destructive traffic should be discontinued.

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THE RETORT.



SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East,
Haughty and grave, and purse-proud,
being rich—

A Governor, or General at least—
I have forgotten which,
Had in his family an humble youth,
Who went to India in his patron's suite:
An unassuming body—and, in truth,
A lad of decent parts and good repute,

This youth had sense and spirit:
Yet, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit
One day at table, flush'd with pride and wine,
His Honour—proudly free, severely merry—
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft, or trade Did your good father earn his livelihood?"

"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his line was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek
Instead of teaching you to sew!
And pray, why, sir, didn't your father make

A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, as in duty bound,

The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length Modestus, bowing low, Said, craving pardon if too free he made, "Sir, by your leave, I fain would know

Your father's trade."

"My father's trade? Why, blockhead, art thou mad? My father, sir, did never stoop so low; He was a gentleman, I'd have you know!"

"Excuse the liberty," Modestus said, "I take," With archness in his brow,

"Pray, sir, why did not then your father make A gentleman of you."

Drink-selling establishments are public promoters of dissipation. They are licensed factories of intemperance. Instead of being a blessing to society, they have become its heaviest curse. They form temptations to the young, the thoughtless, and inexperienced, which ought not to exist in this professedly Christian land, since they have proved to millions "open mouths of hell." They might, without the slightest harm or inconvenience to any one, be entirely and universally discontinued. To say that we require them to supply strong liquors, is, we deem, tantamount to saying that the community at large should have the greatest possible facilities for destroying their constitutions, beggaring their circumstances, and ruining their souls.

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HE DIED IN THE HOSPITAL.

A NEWS ITEM.

HE morning paper comes: we sit and read:

"Shot in a drunken row!"—we take no heed,
But pass it by more pleasant news to find,
And soon the words are banished from our mind.
Let's pause to-day, and trace the mad career
Of him whose fate is briefly noticed here.

"Shot in a drunken row," and taken where
Each suff'rer gets the same unceasing care.

Upon a bed in life's last hour he lay, A bearded man, with hair just touched with grav. His nurse, the humble Sister, knelt in prayer Beside his couch, that grace might reach him there. She caught his waning eye, there to behold No gleam of hope,—despair his mind controlled. " If you have friends or family," she said, "That you may wish to see around your bed, We'll send for them." "No! no! he cried, "I'll die With you alone to close my sightless eye! I'll tell you what I am, and why I'm here, That others from the path I've trod may steer: And when you tell them of my life and fate. They may repent by acts, before too late. My wretched end's in keeping with my life-Shot by a drunken friend in bar-room strife!

Curst be those vile companions of the night! Curst be the rum which bound our compact tight! Vainly the victim strives to burst each chain; Alas! 'tis useless: they but tighter strain. I would to God I could recall the day When from my Irish home I came away, And let new life again from that day start, With each sworn pledge unbroken in my heart. Upon that morning, on the jutting pier, Stood the few friends who to my heart were dear: I felt my father's blessing on my head, And on my cheek the tears my mother shed; My heart still throbbed with sister's close embrace : My sweetheart's kiss yet burned upon my face; My trembling hand, which truest friends had wrung. From my dim eye the gathering moisture flung. While towards my home I gazed with yearning eye, Till all had vanished, save the sea and sky. Why leave them all—the ones I love the best? Where was I bound? of what was I in quest? Ambition's voice into my willing ear Had whispered: 'Youth, go seek a broader sphere.' The ship in safety reached the destined port, The loud salute boomed from the frowning fort. The bright sun smiled upon the rippling bay. And on the vessel 'twas a joyous day. We reached the pier,—expectant friend met friend, While shouts of joy on every side ascend: And bouyed with hope, my fortunes in my hand, I stepped upon Ambition's promised land.

But ah! weak minded—dazzled by the glare Of the great city—I kept loitering there, Instead of pushing 'onward to the West,' Where bright success waits him who does his best. I wrote a few brief letters home at first, But soon I ceased, ashamed to tell the worst; The worst! Oh, Sister! evil was the day When from my humble home I strayed away! Look at me now! Behold my wretched end! A poor, weak-minded sot, with no true friend. The demon Liquor was the cursed cause, Which made me break both earth's and heaven's laws! They sought me out—an honest youth—to sell The liquor, in a gilded gambling 'hell,' Oh, fatal step! I took the offered place-First downward stride to misery and disgrace. I there became—inevitable fate— A rogue, a drunkard, and a profligate. I once heard news from home: my father dead, My mother dying, and my sweetheart wed; My orphan sister, breaking stranger's bread. But then, my heart was like a flinty stone, Light was my grief, so callous had I grown. For years I've tossed upon dark passion's sea, A moral wreck, no future hope for me. Lost! lost! I spurned the hands held out to save, And now I'm drifting to a pauper's grave. Ah, Sister, look! the wound accursed bleeds! What damp is this which on my forehead beads? Mother! my mother! wipe my chilly brow! Father! oh, father! come and bless me now.

They come not—no—when they on me relied,
I cared not how they lived, or how they died.
'A Priest,' you say, for me; no, no! too late!
I've lived the life, he can't avert the fate.
'God will forgive,' you say, 'if I repent.'
'Tis useless now, He knows the heart's intent;
Will mere words now—of fear—life ebbing fast,
Atone for all the reckless years I've passed
With sin? Ah, Sister, stay! oh stay! A light!
Where are you? Ah! your hand! Good night! good night!"

His soul had fled unto its God away,
And on the couch lay stretched but mortal clay.
The Sister veiling his dark rigid face,
Retired with moistened eye and noiseless pace.
"He died as he had lived," and side by side
With those who strayed like him, and like him died,
They laid him down, a moral suicide.

LIFE, health, and happiness are enjoyed by millions without intoxicating drink, and all who practise total abstinence testify in its favour.

In proportion to the consumption of spirituous liquors is the amount of beggary and misery, crime, disease, and premature death. This is proved beyond dispute by the records of the police officers and authentic statistics. The more liquor the more crime, is also proved by ample incontrovertible seasons.



ONLY A WOMAN DRUNK.



CROWD in the busy street,

A block in the bustling way,

A pause for the weary feet
That scarcely have time to stay.
What is the matter? say,
Some one to earth has sunk;
Why do they stop the way?
It's only a woman drunk!"

Only a woman drunk!

Look at her as she lies

With her face all mud and dirt,

And a wild leer in her eyes.

Hark to the grating voice,

Shouting in drunken glee;

Would she could see with sober eyes

Her own deep misery.

A woman, did you say?
Woman was made to bless;
To wile our cares away;
To fondle and caress.
Oh, who could love that face,
Begrimmed by dirt and drink?
Oh, who from that embrace
Would not in terror shrink?

Look at those foaming lips;
Hark to the mutter'd curse;
A drunkard is a fiend,
But woman, oh, is worse.
God save the maidens fair
Who gaze upon her now
From falling in the snare
Of the fiend who has laid her low.

Only a woman drunk!

Oh, sons with mothers dear,

Pass her not by with a careless eye,

But for her drop a tear.

Oh, husbands with loving wives;

Oh, guard them well, I pray;

And save them from the foul drink-fiend

Who does all virtue slay.

Only a woman drunk!
Once on a mother's breast
That woman closed her baby eyes,
And sank to peaceful rest.

I then in maiden prime,
A bashful lover came,
And whisper'd words of tenderness
Until her cheeks grew flame.

Only a woman drunk!
That woman was a wife:
And vow'd to love and honour one,
And help him on through life;

And children round her knee Once lisp'd their evening prayer; Oh, God, that ever she Should die and wallow there!

There, on the pavement stone,
Scoff'd at by passers by,
Singing in drunken tone,
With the wild leer in her eye.
Only a woman drunk!
Brother, go home and think—
Think of your mother, sister, wife,
And save them from the drink.

COME AND JOIN US.

Come ye men of every station,
Come and join the Temperance cause,
'Twill effect a reformation
Better than ten thousand laws;
Come and join us,
'T is a patriotic cause.

Now unnumbered habitations,
Once the scene of want and woe,
Sing with psalms—divine orations;
Oh, what joys from Temperance flow!
Come and join us,
"Tis a patriotic cause.



"I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS."

O, comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free.
I will go to my home and my children to-night,
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,
And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life!
I have never refused you before! Let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face!
Mark my faltering step, and my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's
brand;

See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees, Alike warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze; Why, even the children will hoot as I pass—

But I've drank my last glass, boys, I have drank my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now, That a mother's soft hand was once pressed to my brow, When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling her pride,

Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side; But with love in her eyes she looked up to the sky, Bidding me meet her there, and whispered, "Good-bye."

And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys,

I have drank my last glass!

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill;
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured;
And I begged for one glass—just one would have cured;
But they kicked me out doors!—I let that too pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

At home, my pet Susie, with her soft golden hair,
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were slung
down,

While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;

And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust of bread,

For one crust—on her knees, my pet darling plead,
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

For Susie, my darling, my wee six year old, Though fainting with hunger, and shivering with cold, There on the bare floor, asked God to bless me! And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will! for you see I believe what I ask for!" Then sobered I crept
Away from the house, and that night, when I slept,
Next my heart lay the pledge! You smile—let it pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I will make her words true, or I'll die in the race,
And sober I'll go to my last resting-place;
And she shall kneel there, and weeping, thank God
No drunkard lies under that daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

DRINK has a thousand treach'rous arts

To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks it tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
With boasted virtues it deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
It makes his fetters strong.
Thanks be to God, we now perceive
The tempter's fatal snare;
We will not drink, we will not give,
But bid mankind—beware!



THE BENIGHTED ANGEL.

YOUTHFUL angel lost her way,
By chance from heaven's golden portal,
And just about the close of day,
In London stood the young Immortal.

No eye might see the pinions white
That softly plumed her graceful shoulders;
Dimmed was her robe's celestial light
Before the eyes of all beholders.

She only seemed of earthly mould
Unto each passing man and woman;
And shivering with the winter's cold,
Appeared a beggar poor and common.

Her heavenly birth was no avail:

None did with tender words accost her;
And when she told her piteous tale,
They said she was a young imposter.

And some they called to the police,
And swore that she deserved no pity,
And that the law must cause to cease
This begging nuisance in the city.

The angel turned her round and wept—
In heaven all strangers are befriended—
And sighing mournfully, she crept
Through lordly streets, by mansions splendid.

The powdered lacqueys, smooth and tall,
Looked forth into the streets gas-lighted;
But none took pity on the small
Fair stranger, homeless and benighted.

In chariots, made for pomp and ease,
Lolled many a jewelled youthful beauty;
The little angel thought that these
Were they who find delight in duty.

And, hastening to the chariot's door, She told her tale to many a peeress; They little thought that angel poor Was richer than the richest heiress!

The pomp rolled by; it had no ears—
No eyes for anything so lowly:—
She turned and smiled, and dried her tears,
Remembering there were bishops holy.

The man of God is filled with love

Even for the wretched outcast sinner:

So may it be in realms above;

But here the bishops were at dinner.

The drenching clouds shut heaven from sight;
Her weary steps began to falter,
And now she thought to spend the night
Within some church, beside the altar.

But each church door was strongly barred, Alike by Churchman and Dissenter; The beadles' hearts as rock were hard—
The house of God she could not enter.

The rain poured down, the air was chill;
Of charity there was no giver;
The shops were closed, the wharves were still,
And midnight brooded on the river.

Along the black and homeless street
Reeled on the drunkard, hoarsely brawling;
And wantons young, with sauntering feet,
To every passer-by were calling.

Darkness and sin were round about;
And a drear sense of coming danger—
A wildering sentiment of doubt
Oppressed the youthful, heavenly stranger.

She turned a corner; bright with gas
Shone forth a house from roof to basement—
The front all chiselled stone and brass,
Blazing with light in every casement.

And through the burnished window panes
Gleamed crimson hangings, golden fringes;
And the large doors from wind and rain
Turned easily on polished hinges.

A miserable crowd rushed in—
The night it was so cold and dreary—
These doors alone, these halls of gin
Were open to the worn and weary!

Mothers with babies lately born;
Grandsires and wretched barefoot children:
Fathers and sons and wives forlorn,
And every form of foe bewildering—

Here, here a ready entrance found,
And through the smoothly turning portal,
As if she trod on heavenly ground,
Entered with joy the young Immortal.

The halls were all ablaze with light,
Like festive halls where mirth carouses;
Without, was all the dreary night,
The muddy streets, the tall black houses.

A place of solace and repose,

The youthful angel thought to enter,

Where love and hope soothed human woes,

And where no evil thing could venture.

She looked at those who crowded in,
The man, the boy, the child, the mother,
And all were drinking—drinking gin;
And chiding, cursing, each the other.

The angel turned her round about,
And passed these easy portals thorough,
Into the wild, black night came out,
And wrung her hands in bitter serrow.

And, "Oh, thou London town!" she cried,
"Spite of thy churches, and thy preachers,

Thy Christian virtues vaunted wide;
Thy books, thy schools, thy many teachers.

Thus dost thou charter death and sin;
Thus of God's law thou art a scorner,
And plantest hell—by licensed gin,
To snare the poor at every corner!"

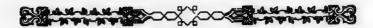
The weeping angel went her way;
The cutting night winds made her shiver;
And till the early dawn, she lay
Beneath the arches of the river!

THE SLEEPING DRUNKARD.

A DRUNKARD was sleeping, his poor wife was weeping, His daughter was silent, her deep graef to see; She thought of her mother and little sick brother, And 'twas thus that she dwelt on their joint misery.

The pledge is before him—see how they implore him, His wife and daughter entreat him to sign: He now signs his name, blots out his late shame, And leaves off all his brandy, beer, rum, and wire.

The bright smile of pleasure, it beams on the treasure,
Restored to his heart is his now happy wife;
He now clasps with joy his sweet little boy—
His swelling veins throb, his heart beats with next life.



DRUNKENNESS.*

HEY were a noble pair, well-formed, and strong;
Twin brothers, close companions, mutual friends;
Rough artisans; in short, as happy folk
As those still are whom strong affection joins.
At morn, they gaily to the workshop went,
And on the anvil beat, with hasty stroke,
The redhot iron from the furnace drawn,
And the smithy's glare and curling smoke.

The time had come when Anthony and Paul Must part. Their age was five-and-twenty years, And then both loved, and, simultaneously, Their double marriage did they celebrate. Their life was now a life of love and toil; And, still more fast to bind this gentle chain, They children had; and each returning day Rolled calmly by, and brought not grief nor pain.

The iron all the week they wrenched and beat,
And fairly earned the Sabbath's quiet rest;
That day the forge was for the woods exchanged,
And violets and periwinkles culled.
What echoing shouts! What sprightly, joyous leaps!
The children laughed and through the meadows ran,

^{*} The French Temperance Society having offered a prize of 500 fr. for the best work on the dangers of drunkenness, awarded to M. de Fontaubert a bronze medal for his poem, entitled "L'Ivresse," which appeared in the society's journal, La Tempérance, and of which the following is a translation.

The parents smiling at their harmless sports, And holding with each other sweet discourse:

Alas! how easily our happiness
Is learned, blighted, and forever lost!
How sentiments of justice, honour, love,
Are oft destroyed by a trifling cause!
Who strays an instant from stern duty's path
Is sometimes hurried to a fearful fall!
A moment comes when all is black despair,
And life, once sweet and calm, is hideous grown!

One morning Paul was going to his work,
Right glad, when, at the corner of the street,
He finds a comrade. "Ah," the latter says,
"At length I see you! No, I cannot be
Mistaken! "I's my playmate! Happy fate,
To meet an old thend of my childhood's years!
Let's first a turn along the boulevard take,
And then we shall have breakfast and good cheer."

To his old friend Paul yields not for a while.

"No, I have pressing work to do," he said.

"Tut, nonsense! you can stay a short time out;

'Tis Monday; don't so sober-minded be.

What! with an old chum won't you have a drink?

We shan't be long; an hour is all I ask.

I do assure you, much of you I'd think

If you refused me! As I live, you'll come!"

The workman, giving way, says, "Well, let's go; You ask one hour? Agreed. But, mind, no more;

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For old acquaintance and good fellowship,
We'll have a drop, and then return 's work."
Then hands they shake, and to the taxon go.
They chat, and eat, and laugh, and drink of wine
One bottle, then a second, then a third,
Their thirst increasing as they drink, I ween.

Alas! th' unhappy man the first wrong step
Has taken, and quickly he goes on to gross excess.
He drinks to drown remorse; he hates to work;
And, even if tried, his strength is gone.
Wine does not satisfy—he needs a drink
Which brings forgetfulness and burns his throat.
He now the strongest brandy madly quaffs,
And curses home with daily drunkenness.

He'll never more industrious workman be—
All vigour lost, all spirit in him crushed,
All hope of happiness forever fled.
At times a fit of madness seizes him—
"My wife! my children! what will 'come of them?
They cold and hungry are, and drunken I—
I, miserable wretch, who should them feed!
How can I bear my shame and deep remorse?"

Against his love of drink the workman tried
In vain to struggle, for intemperance
Held fast her victim in her iron chains.
Vice still imprints its mark upon the face;
He vanquished looked and crushed! Honour and love,
Both dead! Limbs trembling, brains delirious,

THE TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

Still more each day he wallows in excess, Unable now to see its loathsomeness.

Anthony in the fear of God had lived,
Surrounded by domestic peace and joy;
No pleasures gross in that chaste circle known!
What needs he more? His little daughter's kiss
And little son's are all his heart desires.
With wife and them he passed his leisure hours,
And went each morn to work with ardour fresh,
His mind at ease within a healthy frame.

One night Paul to his wretched home returned. His wife and children, on a spare hard bed, Their aching bodies tossed uneasily. Their tortured limbs, on that poor pallet stretch'd And painful grin were frightful to behold. Ev'n in their sleep they breathed forth plaintive moans, Their faces spoke despair and misery, And bore the impress of misfortune sore.

"Come, come!" the drunkard, as he entered, cried;
"Wake up, and get something here to eat!
I'm thirsty! Get me brandy! Will you stir?
Rise quickly! Come, now! People must believe
They're not to put themselves about when I come here!"
Livid, emaciated, rose his wife—
Her body showing many deathly signs—
And earnest gazed upon his wine-blotched face.

"Look at your children! They are starving, too! Both they and I went supperless to bed

Last night! Behold them! Wherefore come you here? They were asleep—in misery, sleep is sweet! You've waked them! Leave us! Leave us to ourselves! Away, unnatural monster! Ne'er raturn! Away! Begone, sir! We detest you! Hence! Better a hundred deaths than see your face.

He, seized with anger, and, with clenched fist,
He strikes his wife down with repeated blows.
At once her countenance regains its fire;
No more in her the dove is recognized—
Her children famished! She a tigress roars!
She froths, and bites, and pants with furious rage!
Blood flows! The maddened mother on him springs,
And worsts the husband in this dreadful fight!

Staggering about, his hand a hammer finds—Rusty, alas!—which once he used at work.

He loses all control, is like a bull

Whom fury blinds, who paws the earth with rage.

He brandishes the fatal instrument,

Which, quick as light'ning, falls on his wife's head!

She utters a heart-rending cry, and dies!

The murder's done! Remorse will follow soon!

Next day were found the two poor little ones
Kneeling, in tears, beside their mother's corpse;
And in a corner lay, with features worn,
And fixed and haggard eye, their father low.
His lips were muttering, with departing strength.
These words, repeated still unceasingly—
"My wife! my children! cup of death!"
He was insane!—All this does drunkenness!



THE WELSHMAN AND HIS GOAT.



THOUGHTLESS Welshman, with a thirsty throat—

So goes the tale—possessed a favourite goat Who follow'd him, when once to play the sot He sought the taproom and the foamy pot. He gave her drink, when, by the cheerful blaze, Strangely forgetting all her sober ways, She reel'd about, and roll'd upon the floor As never goat had roll'd about before. The giggling topers so enjoy'd the sight That they would have the fun another night. The Welshman took her, but the goat, alas! The portal of the pothouse would not pass. Her master uselessly tried every mode, Though pats and punches freely were bestow'd. The landlord strove, and did his best, they say, But all in vain, for Nanny won the day; Cuffing and coaxing, both alike she bore, Nor could they get her through the pothouse door. The wondering Welshman, now no longer blind, Ponder'd the thing a moment in his mind, Then prudently adopted, in the end, The wise example of his shaggy friend, Forsook the pothouse, and reform'd his plan, And from that hour became a sober man.

Ye drunkards all, this prudent lesson follow: Or own, in sense, a goat has beat you hollow.



THE MODERATE DRINKER.

CHARACTERS:—Mr. Abstemious, Joe Toddy, Squire Take-a-Drop, and Capt. Littleson.

[Enter Mr. Abstemious, who commences to make a speech as follows.]

UM, rum, cursed rum! what misery does it entail on society? Already is this once flourishing city (or village as the case may be) filled with want and wretchedness, caused by the traffic in man's most deadly foe, How shall I proceed to do away with the sale and use of this liquid fire, which goes by the name of brandy, rum, gin, spirits, whisky, and the like—curses to society? How shall public opinion, that mighty engine, be brought to bear upon it? I have it. I'll make an effort to put a Division or Temple in operation—perhaps it will prove a "leaven that will leaven the whole lump." But how to begin? Shall I go to the fathers of the place? I fear I should fail. "They are joined to their idols." Shall I go to the retailers? That won't do: by the traffic they gain their wealth. Shall I present them to the families and individuals they have made wretched? That won't do: their hearts are steeled against the cry of misery. This will I do-I'll make an appeal to the young men and youth, the 'bone and sinew' of society; perhaps-

[Joe steps forward, and interrupts Mr. Abstemious in the middle of his sentence, He should be dressed in dirty ragged clothes, and a jug or bottle in his hand.]

JOE.—What's that you're saying, you col' water man.

Don't ye want to hear me sing, "There's whisky in the jug, my hearties." I'se a 'plete singer. [Hiccough.]

Mr. Abstemious—I don't want to hear your drunken song. You wished to know what I was talking about. I was trying to devise some plan by which you and many others may be reformed, and become sober and useful citizens again.

JOE—Do you say I gets tossicated? I only takes a little for stomach's sake. [Hiccough.] I must have somethin' to drink; col' water don't 'gree with me stomach. I 'spose you wants to get up a Temp'rance 'Siety? You'll not get this chap to jine, no how.

Mr. Abstemious—I feel grieved, Joe, when I look upon you. Once you sustained a good character, and bid fair to become a respectable and useful member of society. But what are you now? a poor despised fellow; but I trust not beyond recovery. Come sign this pledge—[holds it up to him]—and by strictly complying with the rules laid down you will, in less than three months, be quite a different person from what you now are. Instead of being covered with these filthy rags, you would be dressed in the same good clothes you were wont to appear in, and be respected by every good citizen.

JOE—You don't ketch me a-jinin' yer Temp'rance 'Siety, I tell ye. I knows what I be 'bout. Squire Take-a-drop and I thinks jest alike. He says ye're trying to ketch all ye can and not let 'em drink none, no hods how dry or tired they be. I don't drink no more than I wants. But I aint a-goin' to stan' here all night, I'se tired. [Sits down.]

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[Enter Squire Take-a-drop.]

SQUIRE—How are you, Mr. Abstemious? I'm glad to see you; I have been looking for you a long time. But last time I saw you, you hinted about forming a Temperance Society. I have thought much about it since; and have come to the conclusion to unite with you in so doing, provided you will make a little amendment to the constitution. I think by this means we would soon be able to establish one in your city.

Mr. Abstemious—I'm perfectly willing, Squire, to adopt any amendment to my plan that will tend to the furtherance of the good cause of temperance.

SQUIRE—Well, sir, my amendment is this: That whenever a member may think it necessary, he may take a little; but he must be careful only to take a little.

Mr. Abstemious—That would never do, Squire,—it is that little does all the mischief; and I would ask you if you ever deem it necessary to take a "little of the ardent" yourself?

SQUIRE—Why, yes; and I honestly think that a little does me good. My labour is pretty hard, and if I don't have something to drink, about eleven o'clock and at four, I feel faint at my stomach. I don't drink at any other time, except when I have a bad cold or get wet, for fear I should take cold.

JOE—That's when I takes it, Squire; [drinks.] I think a little does me good. I'm 'zactly of your mind, [hiccough]—I'll jine, Mr. Abstemious, if you'll make that ar' 'mendment the Squire says.

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Mr. Abstemious—There, Squire, you see what your amendment would come to, when such as drunken Joe approves of it. No, sir; I will not adopt any such proviso. I will have thorough reform or nothing.

SQUIRE—Well, Mr. Abstemious, I can refrain from drinking ardent spirits without signing a pledge.

JOE—That's right, Squire: them's jist my senterments. I guess we'll give it to him d'rectly. I thinks 'zactly as you do.

SQUIRE—Joe Toddy, I would be obliged if you would keep your tongue quiet. Sots like you are bad enough to see, without having them to intrude as you do.

JOE—Whew! Squire, you talks like a tossicated man, yourself.

SQUIRE-Hold your tongue, Joe.

Mr. Abstemious—I do not see the use, Squire, in railing so against poor Joe. You think a little does you good—so does poor Joe; and it is this little, as you call it, that has brought the poor fellow to the degraded state he now appears in before us. You see, had Joe, only three years ago, when he began to take a little, signed the pledge without your amendment, he would now have been the same respectable young man as he was then. But by taking that little, it has grown upon him so, that he takes scarcely anything else than rum. However, I don't despair of again seeing Joe, one of those days, a sober and respectable man.

Joe—You talks like a book, Mr. Abstemious, but I don't think I could ever become temp'rance, although I should like to. [Joe striking his jug.] You cussed critter,—you're the cause.

SQUIRE—Do you think, Mr. Abstemious, that I approve of intemperance? there is nothing I abhor more than a drunken man: no sight is to me more disgusting.

Joe—I think just so, too, Squire; I see'd Jack Hubbard drunk as a fiddler, 'tother day; I could'nt bear to. look at him. His breath smell'd so strong of rum, that it made me sick. [Hiccough.]

SQUIRE—Joe Toddy, will you never be quiet? I have told you I did not wish to hear any of your remarks.

Mr. Abstemious—Squire Take-a-drop, I have always considered you to be a man of intelligence; and, from the position you occupy in our city, I should think you ought to be foremost in any work that has for its object the welfare of its inhabitants. It is only a few years since you were appointed to the office you now hold; and you must well recollect what a promising young man Joe then was. I believe he was then employed in your office, and had not then learnt to take a little; but he soon did, and a year had scarcely elapsed, before you dismissed him for neglecting his business, and for—

Joe—Drinking, I expect you're going to say Mr. Abstemious. Yes, I drank my first glass in the squire's parlour.

SQUIRE-Confound the fellow; will he never be quiet?

Mr. ABSTEMIOUS—A heavy sin, squire to lay at your door; and how thankful you ought to be to God, that you have been preserved in your respectability, and kept from the disgrace attached to the poor drunkard. Suppose it had been otherwise: Joe the sober man, and you the drunkard. I'm sure, squire, if you would only reflect

on these things, you would make some sacrifice, even that little, to reform the poor drunkards that live among us.

SQUIRE—But I told you, Mr. Abstemious, that I could leave off drinking without pledging myself.

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Mr. ABSTEMIOUS—It is your influence and example I want, squire; who knows but that it will be the means of reforming the whole community?

J Them's my idears. [Drinks.] I'd like to be spectable again, squire. Maybe I'd jine, if you will.

Mr. Abstemious.—It is men like you, squire, that we want. We want those that have a command over their own appetites, so that they can exert a good influence upon others. Our object is not merely to refrain from it ourselves, but, by setting up a safe and good example, to induce the intemperate to become sober, and all others to remain sober for ever.

SQUIRE—Well, here comes Captain Littlesome; if he approves of your object, I don't know but I'll join with you.

[Enter Captain Littleson.]

CAPTAIN—Good evening, gentlemen; you seem to be quite engaged in conversation. You've got Joe here, too, I perceive.

JOE-Yes, Captain; I'm here on the spot. [Drinks.]

SQUIRE—We're having a great talk, Captain. Here is a gentleman who wants all the people to leave off drinking liquor; no matter how little they drink. I'm hardly willing to come to such terms myself, though I can do without it well enough.

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CAPTAIN-I am glad to hear it. He has been trying to persuade me, too, for some time past to give up my license, and keep a temperance house in future. But he is not the only one; I find a great many like him. Besides, some of the most respectable citizens who never frequent my tavern, on account, as they say, as the many hard cases that are always loitering about, have stated to me, that if I would keep a temperance house, they would drop in occasionally to look at the papers and partake of some wholesome refreshments; and that at the end of the year I would find that I had taken more money than I usually received from my rum-drinking customers. that's not all. My mother and sister have absolutely set up nullification at home, and have given me warning that hereafter they will not tend the bar when I'm away, to sell, as they call it, liquid fire. This alone would be sufficient to make me shut up shop, if I had not now been convinced that it is wrong to sell that which has entailed so much misery not only in this city but all over the world.

JOE [Jumping up]—Why, Cap'n, you strikes me all aback! This is a wonder of wonders! Whew!

Mr. Abstemious—It is, indeed, a wonder, Captain, as Joe says; for I had long given you up. But I suppose we are indebted to the gentle sex at home for this great change in your opinions.

CAPTAIN—I will not deny that there is some credit due to that quarter. You all know Jack Hubbard. Poor fellow! You'll never see him any more.

JoE-Is Jack dead, Cap'n ?

CAPTAIN—Yes; and such a death! I would not be present at such another scene for all the rum in the world. He died a perfect maniac; delirium tremens was his end; and when I reflected that the last drop of liquor was bought at my bar, and, in a great measure, the contents of my bar was the cause of his ruin and death—I thought it time to stop dealing death and destruction at five cents a glass. Hereafter I keep a temperance house.

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JOE-That's right, Cap'n; I'll paternize ye. [Drinks.]

Mr. Abstemious—Well, squire, are you convinced of the evils of drinking, and that your amendment to the pledge would still continue to make drunkards, and reform none?

SQUIRE—I must acknowledge, Mr. Abstemious, that you are right; and now, I believe, the only way to accomplish your ends is total abstinence from all that intoxicates. From this out I'll cease to take that little, and will join with you, heart and hand, to get up a Temperance Society for men and women, and a section of Cadets for our boys, the future hope of our great and glorious country.

CAPTAIN—I'll unite with you, also, in the good work, and may God forgive me for all the evils I have inflicted upon this community.

Joe [musing to himself.]—Poor Jack Hubbard, dead! He was a real rummie; many a spree we've had together; but now he's gone to his awful account! What a death to die! Maybe it'll be my end! Oh! you cussed critter [striking his jug] all my earnings have gone down your

ugly throat. You hav'nt pisened me yet, but will, if I keep on using you.

SQUIRE [touching Joe on the shoulder]—What's the matter, Joe; who are you talking to? Did you hear the Captain's decision? Come, now, throw that jug away—you have hugged the serpent long enough. It'll sting you one of those days, like it stung poor Jack. The Captain and I are going to sign, and then set about with Mr. Abstemious to raise a Temperance Society. We, want your name, too, Joe. I have a suit of clothes at home, I think will fit you, and you can again attend my office; and who knows—nay, who can doubt that—

JOE.—I will become a man again! Yes; poor Joe will no longer be called a common drunkard. He'll sign, too; and you Mr. Abstemious, had I the means. I would erect a statue to your memory. Give me your hands—for you are, indeed, my friends. But first let me destroy this horrible critter, [dashes the jug to pieces, and then shakes hands all round.]

Mr. Abstemious—Come, gentlemen, let us be off to the Captain's new Temperance House, and make the necessary preparations for our Temperance Society.— "Strike while the iron is hot."

[Exeunt.]

It is safe and wise to avoid temptation, and shun the appearance of evil. The presence of intoxicating liquor is such a temptation to many, that the man who places it before his neighbour is virtually his enemy.



A LONG TIME AGO.

A long time ago,

The speakers on the platform,

Were seated in a row.

And drunkards told their horrid tales

Of wretchedness and woe,

In the days we went to sign the pledge

A long time ago.

The thoughts of long pass'd hapless years
Were present to our mind,
No peace, no hope, no happiness,
We anywhere could find
When lo! the temperance star arose
With glory on its brow,
In the days we went to sign the pledge
A long time ago.

'And now we love the social cheer
Of the bright winter's eve,
We have no cause for sigh nor fear,
We have no cause to grieve.
Our wives are clad, our children fed,
We boast where'er we go,
T'was all because we signed the pledge.
A long time ago.

Our country long shall bless the day When our great cause arose

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To crown her with its glorious might,
And crush her daring foes.

And may God bless the temperance cause,
Wherever it may go,
And keep us to the pledge we signed
A long time ago.

ROSY WINE.

I've heard the praise of rosy wine,
In dulcet measures sung;
And oft, with wild and loud applause,
The festive hall has rung.
Let drunkards wake their noisy harps,
And Bacchus' praises sing,—
By far the sweetest drink for me
Is water from the spring.

Whene'er I wander from my home,
How distant, far, or wide,
I fear no danger on my way,
While Temperance is my guide;
With her my course I fearless steer,
Secure beneath her wing,
And health and happiness enjoy
By water from the spring.

It is a blessed thing that there are so called crazy men in the world—that there are those mad with the idea of struggling to beat back the many wrongs which oppress and degrade poor humanity.

48



THE DRUNKEN FATHER.

CHARACTERS—Bill, Joe, Jim, Will, and Bessie.

SCENE.—Room in Tavern.—The four men drinking, smoking, and playing cards. Clock strikes one.

Bessie enters, and addressing the father, Will, says or sings:—

ATHER dear father, come home with me now,

The clock in the steeple strikes one;

You said you were coming right home from the shop,
As soon as your day's work was done.

Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,

With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.

Come home! come home!

Please, father, dear father, come home!

[The father orders her home. She retires out of sight. The gambling and drinking goes on, when, on the clock striking two, she again enters and appeals to her father thus:—]

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse:
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse, ma says he will die
Perhaps before morning shall dawn:
And this is the message she sent me to bring—
Come quickly or he will be gone!

[The father gets angry, and pushes her away. She retires as before. The clock strikes three. The child returns, and says or sings :---]

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Father, dear father, come home with me now,

The clock in the steeple strikes three;

The house is so lonely, the hours are so long

For poor weeping mother and me!

Yes, we are alone, poor Benny is dead,

And gone with the angels of light;

And these were the very last words that he said—

I want to kiss papa—good-night.

[The audience take up the chorus.]

CHORUS.—Hear the sweet voice of the child,

Which the night winds repeat as they roam,

Oh! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers;

Please, father, dear father, come home!

[And the father rises, dashes down the glass he has in his hand, and is led home by Bessie, while his companions slink aside.]

BENEVOLENCE.

BENEVOLENT hearts are like fountains that flow All the purer and sweeter the more they bestow; Let ours, then, in fulness, run outward, to bless The "wee raggit weans," and their sires in distress.

As happy abstainers, right onward we'll go, And love the poor drunkard, while drink is our foe, Be kind and speak gently, for love may constrain, And lead him to temperance and virtue again.



THE DRINKING-HOUSE ALPHABET.



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WAS an Archer that bended his bow, [below. Sending arrows hell-poisoned through thousands

B was the Bird-catcher, cruel and sly, Who plucked the poor pigeons that call'd passing by.

C was the Cobbler, a dirty old snob, Whose gin gave the grave-diggers many a job.

D was the Deacon, who never thought shame, Tho' his rum scatter'd ruin wherever it came.

E was the Eagle, rapacious and wild, That plundered the mother and beggar'd her child.

F was the Falcon, whose burglarious bill For a very small sum got a license to kill.

G was the gray horse, whose long bushy tail Had not hair for each pauper it made with its ale.

Double **H** was the notable Hole in the wall, Through which devils come leaping at liberty's call.

I was the Icelander, selfish and cold, Where stiff death in the snow for a trifle was sold.

J was the Jolly dogs, heartless and vain, Manufacturing puppies from very small men.

THE TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

K was the Keepsake, admirable name, [same. As the fools knew who left health and wealth with the

L was the Lover's Leap, terrible truth, As the gin palace works such destruction on youth.

M was the Magpie, ye tipplers read that, And abstain from the drink and its drivelling chat.

N was the North Pole, by mortals unseen, Like the comfort that comes from its liquors unclean.

O was the Owl that absconds from the sun, Like the drunkards that tarry at tankard or tun.

P was the pilot that folly extols, [holes. Though he lands them 'mong quicksands and treacherous

Q was the Queen, whose supporters are slaves, And, when long in her service, oft culpable knaves.

R was the Reveller—publish that, do,
And resolve he shall ne'er make a victim of you.

S was the Sceptre whose villanous sway, The good will dishonour, the wise disobey.

T was the Turk's Head, as ugly as sin. Though very far short of the horrors within.

U was the Umpire whose verdict is drink, Though your proud country should eternally sink.

V was the Vanguard whose motto was up, Till you plenish his coffer and empty his cup. W was the watchman who stood at his post, And grew rich with the pence that the poor people lost,

X—this being Greek for the Grecian must stand, Where the drink he deals out with a bountiful hand.

Y was the Yeoman, respected of yore, Now a foeman and blowman, and many things more.

Z was the Zebra, which spotted is seen, Like that trade murder-general and cheat for the Queen.

& as for the rest, be they bird, beast, or fish, May they die without heirs is my merciful wish.

18

Cost of Paint.—Some years ago there lived in Berkshire County, Mass., two physicians of considerable skill and eminence. One of them used no spirituous liquors—the other drank freely; and while the first had acquired considerable property, the other remained poor. Meeting each other one day, when the former was returning from a distant town, with a richly painted and well made carriage, the latter accosted him: "Doctor——, how do you manage to ride in a carriage painted in so costly a manner? I have been in practice as long and extensively as you, and charge as much, but I can hardly live and drive the old one." "The paint on my carriage," he replied, "did'nt cost half as much as the paint on your face."

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JOHN SWIG.*

OHN SWIG was a man with a very great mind, So he thought, though I'm sure 'twas not very re-Be that as it may, I know he was blest fined; With a very large head and a monstrous chest. His business was selling ale, brandy, and gin, For this very large man kept a very small inn. It had only five rooms, and the largest by far Of the five was the one for the liquor—the Bar. In the corner of which stood an old-fashioned Bunk. On which to lay customers when they were drunk. It was always in use, though Swig said "it was wrong And weak to get drunk;" yet his liquors were strong; And his custom was great, for there always would be Half-a-dozen, at least, getting on to a spree; While a crowd of the Moderates every day Took their grog, as Swig said, in the regular way. But none were allowed the use of the Bunk, Save those who had money left, though they were drunk; While those who had none, had to get out-of-doors On their hands or their feet, and sometimes on all-fours. Now, a few of the thinking and nobler ones, Organized in the town a Division of Sons: They were not of the rich—their numbers were few, Yet they hoisted their banner, the red, white, and blue. The White was for Purity, Red meant for Love, And Blue for Fidelity; and up above

^{*} By kind permission of the author, Edward Carswell, the "Canadian Gough." 54

THE TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

Was a Pennant, which, when by the breeze it unrolled. Displayed Prohibition in letters of gold. Now, Swig was enraged, and he called it a rag; He hated the Sons, and he swore at their flag: For some of his friends were the first to go m. And join the Division—deserting the Inn. The people in town were beginning to think. And many old topers forgetting to drink: The "Sons" were increasing, and Swig was afraid That these teetotal fellows would ruin his trade. Now, Swig had a flag, or rather a sign, On which was a hive and a beautiful rhyme. One day, as Swig sat in front of his door, Smith passed—it was something he'd ne'er done before: Though the grog he's oft passed at Mr. Swig's table. To pass by the house he had never been able. But now he was passing without e'en a sup, And Swig, in astonishment, hallooed "What's up ?" "Your sign," answered Smith, "and I wish it was down, And not swinging there, a disgrace to the town." Now Swig was amazed, if before he was not, For Smith's words were a poke in the tenderest spot; 'Twas his boast, that for beauty, for wit and design. That he was ahead of the world on a sign.*

BEE-HIVE INN.

Within this Hive we're all alive, Good liquor makes us funny; If you are dry, step in and try The flavor of our Honey.

BY JOHN SWIG."

^{*} The following words were on the sign-board :-

[&]quot;LICENSED TO SELL WINES AND SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

So he flew in a passion, and offered to bet
Smith had joined with the Sons, that cowardly set,
Whose object and aim was to get people's money—
"Which," said Smith, "you'd rather they'd spend for
your honey!"

Said Swig, "You're the vilest set under the sun, And you ought to be gibbeted, every one: You are teetotal slaves, and I'd prove if I'd time"— Said Smith, "Swig, cast your eve up to the sign: You've the emblem of industry painted up there; What a hard-working crowd you have under your care! They may labor and toil, but pray who gets the honey? You grow rich, but what do they get for their money? Your house is a hive, and those who go in, May take health and wealth, but they leave with a sting.' From the Bunk came an answer in trembling tone: "We are (hiv) the bees, and Swig is (hiv) the drone." Said another old toper, "That's thrue, by the powers, We are the bees, and I pity the flowers; For we're stealing from them, and, between you and I, While the drone gets the honey, they wither and die." Said Swig, "I believe you're a couple of asses." "And will be," said Smith, "if they cling to their glasses." Said Swig, "Mr. Smith, you had better keep cool: How long, pray, since you were as drunk as a fool?" "Not long," answered Smith; "and I'm thankful to Him Who awakened my conscience, and show'd me the sin; For through Him and the Sons I'm well and alive, And not dead or dead-drunk in your horrible 'Hive.' My wife then was sad, but now she is gay; I then used to curse, but now I can pray.

My children now love, but then held me in dread; They were hungry before, but now they have bread, They were then in the street, they now go to school; My wife was unhappy, and I was a fool. Your honey took from me my strength and my wit. And was sending my soul to the bottomless pit. But now we will struggle, and never say fail, Until we've a law to prohibit the sale." "Well, struggle," said Swig, "but you'll never succeed; Do you think we'd put up with it? No, sir, indeed! And suppose it should pass, what good would it do? We'd sell ten glasses then where we now sell two. In Maine, where the law is in force, I am told They sell twice as much now as was formerly sold." "Well," said Smith, "if what you tell me is true, There is none for the law should work harder than you. And as you'd grow rich by this prohibition, You'll please sign your name to this Maine Law petition." Swig, "Now, sir, leave, or I'll help you to go, Enforcing n words with the force of a blow. You may crow for a while, but it shall not be long; You shall fail if I have to sell grog for a song!"

Now, Jones was a man who was fond of his gin, And each day would get tipsy at Mr. Swig's inn; Then home he would go, beat his children and wife; In fact, several times had near taken her life. For though Jones, when sober, was generous and kind, One glass was sufficient to poison his mind;

Then glass followed glass when once he began, And Jones was a demon instead of a man. Now, the Sons he had joined, and left off his gin; He loved the Division, but dreaded the Inn: For his appetite strong he could hardly subdue; He was tempted and tried, and this Mr. Swig knew. So he thought he would try and get Jones on the Bunk, And then boast to the Sons he had one of them drunk. So he watched for poor Jones, and at last he went by: But Swig called him back, saying, "Jones, you are dry; And, if you are not, you'd surely not think Of passing the Hive without taking a drink?" Said Jones, "Why, you know I have joined the Division." Swig gave him a nudge, and then laughed in derision. Said he, "Oh! I never would be such a fool, To be chained by a pledge or be bound by a rule." Jones, trembling, said, "If I should take a drop, There is no telling when or where I might stop; I might then beat my children or murder my wife, For when I am drunk, she's afraid for her life." Said Swig, (taking down the gin from the shelf,) "Take a drop, and let Mary take care of herself. So don't be a coward, but be a true blue, And I'll pay for all the mischief you do." So Jones broke his pledge, and soon he was drunk, And Swig in great glee laid him out on the Bunk. But he soon found he'd played a most dangerous game. For the smouldering fire soon burst into flame. With hate in his heart, and fire in his brain, Unfortunate Jones was a demon again.

THE TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

Now, he never had been so wild in his life: He thought himself home, and that Swig was his wife. He cursed her, and struck him a terrible blow; He caught at his throat—Swig screamed. "Let me go!" He kicked like a horse, and bit like a hound; At last, with a crash, they came to the ground. Jones cried, "I'm determined to murder you, wife-I'll never let go till I've taken your life. You shall die. Ha, ha, ha! this is glorious fun, For Swig has to pay for the mischief that's done." Swig's cries brought his wife and the girl to the room, His wife with a toasting-fork, Jane with a broom; But when they arrived the battle was o'er, The tempter and tempted lay still on the floor— Poor Jones, who had used up his strength and his breath, And Swig, who was well-nigh pummelled to death. So they bore him away, and put him to bed, With very sore bones, and a very soft head. And he swore that he'd sell no more rum in his life. For he pitied the drunkard and felt for his wife; For Jones had convinced him that selling was wrong, By arguments, forcible, weighty, and strong. So he closed up the house, and chopped down the sign, And threw out the whisky, ale, brandy, and wine; He put up a notice, "This tavern for sale," Which ended the Bee-Hive, and finished the tale.

MODERATE DRINKING.—The Devil's railroad, with a steep downward grade, to the depot of Destruction.



"STAND TO YOUR GUNS."

OIST your flag! 'tis the eve of a fight
For the death of the demon of drink;
Draw your swords in the cause of the right!
Souls are loitering over the brink
Of a precipice, gloomy and dark,
Whose base is the kingdom of hell;
So brace up your nerves for the fray,
See to it you bear yourselves well.
"Stand to your guns!"

Keep in line, for the foemen are strong;
In numbers they rival the stars.
For the rescue of brothers from death,
On to victory, and heed not your scars!
For the sake of the wives of your hearts,
For the sake of the sisters you love,
For your babes, for your homes, for your all,
Stand you fast—from your ranks do not move.
"Stand to your guns!"

Fire away! till the haunts of the fiend—
Those poison-shops, gates to the grave—
Shall be levelled to earth by your shot;
Hurl them down, not a stone of them save!
For the blood of the slain stains their walls,
The souls of the lost, cry, "Repay!"

The maniac's laugh and the idiot's smile Command you to sweep them away. "Stand to your guns!"

Look to God! for He only can help,
And He loveth the banner you bear;
Do not fear, hold it bravely aloft,
Seek the thick of the fight—be you there!
Live in hope, do not tremble or faint,
If the battle be weary and long;
Dash forward! redouble your blows!
And, till victory tuneth your song,
"Stand to your guns!"

THE CRYSTAL CUP.

Some love to drink from the foamy brink,
Where the wine-drops' glance they see,
But the water bright, in its silver light,
And a crystal cup for me.

Oh, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow,
There's health in the tide, and there's music beside,
In the brooklet's bounding flow.

As pure as heaven is the water given,
'Tis for ever fresh and new;
Distilled in the sky, it comes from on high,
In the shower and the gentle dew.



JACK SIMPSON'S DREAM.

ACK SIMPSON was a reckless chap,

His best friends said he'd come to ruin;

But then, it mattered not a rap,

He never cared what he was doing.

One night, when drunk, he rambled on, Down street and lane, till near a river He stood, and thought himself to drown, And thus his mad career to sever.

The night was dark, no moon appeared,
No sound was heard save wild winds playing.
Thoughts wiser came—the end he feared;
When, lo! he heard a donkey braying.

And yet it was a startling sound,

It seemed with terror to assail him;
He thought himself on hallowed ground,
Where spake the very ass of Balaam.

Jack silent stood. The ass thus spake:

"Leap, wretch, into this gliding river!
Better thy grave with fishes make,
Than be an idle, drunken liver.

"I am an ass, but thou a man
With soul endued, and powers increasing,
Destined God's wondrous works to scan,
And be to all thy race a blessing.

"I am an ass of meanest worth,
With instinct only like another;
Yet I fulfil my part on earth,
And would not own thee as a brother.

"Thou art an idle, drunken pest,
The centre of a thousand evils—
A reckless sinner at the best,
And only fit to dwell with devils."

At this last word there seemed to rise
The very flames of hell around him,
And imps of hideous form and size,
And devils, came with chains and bound him.

Away like lightning then they flew,
And bore him to the place of demons.
"Mercy!" he cried, "can this be true,
Or do I feel delirium tremens?"

The sun had risen in the east

When he awoke to sense and feeling;
"Save, Lord!" he cried, and smote his breast,
And angels saw a sinner kneeling.

That dream he ne'er is wont to tell,
So terrible, and so appalling;
Each day he thinks of death and hell,
And prays for grace to keep from falling.

The very gates of hell he sees
In every drinking-shop and tavern;
And from their portals now he flees
As from a pestilential cavern.



THE DEVIL AND GROG-SELLER.

HE grog-seller sat by his bar-room fire,
With his feet as high as his head, and higher,
Watching the smoke, as he puffed it out,
That in spiral columns curled about;
Veiling his face with its fleecy fold,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled,
While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom,
Were slowly gathering to fill the room.

To their drunken slumbers, one by one, Foolish and fuddled, his friends had gone, To wake in the morn to the drunkard's pain, With bloodshot eye and a whirling brain. Drowsily rang the watchman's cry,—
"Past two o'clock and a cloudy sky!"
Yet the host sat wakeful still, and shook His head, and winked with a knowing look.

"Ho! ho!" said he, with a chuckling tone,
"I know the way the thing is done:
Twice five are ten,—and another V,
Two ones, two twos, and a ragged three,
Make twenty-four for my well-filled fob,—
He! he! 'tis rayther a good night's job!
The fools have guzzled my brandy and wine,—
Much good may it do them,—the cash is mine!

And he winked again with a knowing look,
And from his cigar the ashes shook.

"He! he! the younkers are in my net,—
I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet;
There's Brown,—what a jolly dog is he!—
And he swells the way that I like to see;
Let him dash for a while at this reckless rate,
And his farm is mine as sure as fate.

"I've a mortgage now on Tompkin's lot;
What a fool he was to become a sot!
But it's luck to me,—in a month or so
I shall foreclose, and the scamp must go.
Zounds! won't his wife have a 'taking on,'
When she learns that his house and his lot are gone;
How she will blubber, and sob, and sigh!—
But business is business,—and what care I!

"And Gibson has murdered his child, they say;
He was drunk as a fool here, yesterday;
And I gave him a hint as I went to fill
His jug,—but the brute would have his will.
And the folks blame me,—why, bless their gizzards,
If I didn't sell, he would go to Izzard's!
I've a right to engage in a lawful trade,
And take my chance where there's cash to be made.

"If men get drunk, and go home to turn Their wives out-doors, 'tis their own concern; But I hate to have women coming to me With their tweedle-dum and their tweedle-dee;

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With their swollen eyes and their haggard looks, And their speeches learned from the temperance books; With their pale, lean children,—the whimpering fools! Why can't they go to the public schools?

"Let the hussies mind their own affairs,
For never have I interfered with theirs;
I will turn no customer away
Who is willing to buy, and able to pay;
For business is business—he! he! he! he!"
And he rubbed his hands in his chuckling glee;
"Many a lark I have caught in my net,—
I have them safe,—I will fleece them yet!"

"He! he! he!" 'Twas an echoed sound;
Amazed, the grog-seller looked around;
This side and that, through the smoke peered he,
But naught but the chairs could the grog-seller see,
"Ho! ho!—he! he!"—with a guttural note;
It seemed to come from an iron throat;
And his knees they shook, and his hair 'gan rise,
And he opened his mouth and strained his eyes.

And, lo! in a corner, dark and dim,
Stood an uncouth form, with an aspect grim;
From his grisly head, through his snaky hair,
Sprouted, of hard, rough horns, a pair;
And redly, his shaggy brows below,
Like sulphurous flame did his small eyes glow;
And his lips were curled with a sinister smile,
And the smoke belched forth from his mouth the while.

Folded and buttoned around his breast
Was a quaint and silvery-gleaming vest;
Asbestos it seemed,—but we only guess
Why he should fancy so cold a dress;
Breeches he wore of an amber hue,
From the rear of which a tail peeped through;
His feet were shaped like a bullock's hoof,
And the boots he wore were caloric proof.

In his hand he bore,—if a hand it was,
Whose fingers were shaped like a vulture's claws,—
A three-tined fork, and its prongs so dull
Through the sockets were thrust of a grinning skull;
Like a sceptre he waved it to and fro,
As he softly chuckled, "Ha! ha!—ho! ho!"
And all the while were his eyes, that burned
Like sulphurous flames, on the grog-seller turned!

And how did he feel beneath that look?
Why, his jaw fell down, and he shivered and shook,
And quivered and quaked in every limb,
As an ague-fit had hold of him!
And his eyes to the monster grim were glued,
And his tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood;
But the fiend laughed on, "Ho! ho!—he! he!"
And switched his tail in his quiet glee.

"Why, what do you fear, my friend?" he said, And nodded the horns of his grisly head. "You're an ally of mine, and I love you well! In a very warm country, that men call Hell, I hold my court,—and I'm proud to say,
I have not a faithfuller fiend in pay
Then you, dear sir, for a work of evil;
Mayhap you don't know me? I'm called the devil!"

Like a galvanized corpse, so pale and wan,
Up started, instanter, that horror-struck man;
And he turned up the whites of his goggle eyes,
With a look half terror and half surprise,
And his tongue was loosed, but his words were few:—
"The devil?—you don't—"—"Yes, faith! I do,"
Interrupted Old Nick, "and here's the proofs:
Just twig my tail, and my horns, and hoofs!

"Having come from warmer climes below,
To chat with a friend for an hour or so,
And the night being somewhat chill, I think
You might ask an old fellow to take a drink!
Now let it be strong,—the clear, pure stuff,—
Sweetened with brimstone,—a quart is enough;—
Stir up the mess in an iron cup,
And heat by the fire till it bubbles up!"

As the devil bade, so the grog-seller did,
Filling a flagon with gin to the lid;
And when it boiled and bubbled o'er,
The fiery draught to his guest he bore.
Nick in a jiffy the liquor did quaff,
And thanked his host with a guttural laugh;
But faint and few were the smiles, I ween,
That on the grog-seller's face were seen.

THE TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

For a mortal fear was on him then;
And he deemed that the ways of living men
He should tread no more,—that his soul had come,
And his master too, to call him home!
Thought went back to the darkened past,
And shrieks were heard on the wintry blast,
And, gliding before him, pale and dim,
Were gibbering fiends and spectres grim!

"Ho! no!" said Nick; "'tis a welcome cold You give to a friend so true and old, Who has been for years in your own employ, Running about like an errand boy. But we'll not fall out, for I clearly see You are rather afraid ('tis strange!) of me. Do you think I've come for you?—never fear; You can't be spared for a long while here!

"There are hearts to break; there are souls to win From the ways of peace to the paths of sin; There are homes to be rendered desolate; There is trusting love to be changed to hate; There are hands that murder must crimson red; There are hopes to crush; there is blight to be shed Over the young, and pure, and the fair, Till their lives are crushed by the fiend Despair!

"This is the work you have done so well, Cursing the earth and peopling hell! Quenching the light on the inner shrine Of the human soul, till you make it mine! Want and Sorrow, Disease and Shame, And crimes that even I shudder to name, Dance and howl, in their hellish glee, Around the spirits you've marked for me!

"Oh, selling of grog is a good device,
To make a hell of Paradise!
Wherever may roll the fiery flood,
It is swollen with tears, it is stained with blood!
And the voice that was heard erewhile in prayer,
With its muttered curses stirs the air,
And the hand that shielded the wife from ill
In its drunken wrath is raised to kill!

"Hold on your course! you are filling up,
With the wine of the wrath of God, your cup;
And the fiends exult, in their homes below,
As you deepen the pangs of human woe!
Long will it be, if I have my way,
Ere the night of death shall close your day,
For, to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,
You rival in mischief the devil himself!"

No more said the fiend; for, clear and high, Rang out on the air the watchman's cry. With a choking sob, and a half-formed scream, The grog-seller waked,—it was all a dream! His grisly guest, with his horns, had flown; The lamp was out, and the fire was gone, And sad and silent, his bed he sought, And long of the wondrous vision thought!



WHEN MAY A SCOTCHMAN BE CALLED DRUNK.

AS TOLD BY ALEX. SIMPSON.

"ELL, doctor, pray give us a definition of what you consider being fou, that we may know in future when a cannie Scot may, with propriety, be termed drunk."

"Well, gentlemen," said the doctor, "that is rather a kittle question to answer, for you must know there is a great diversity of opinion on that subject. that a man is sober so long as he can stand upon his legs. An Irish friend of mine, a fire-eating, hard-drinking captain of dragoons, once declared to me on his honour as a soldier and a gentleman, that he would never allow any friend of his to be called drunk till he saw him trying to light his pipe at the pump. And others there be, men of learning and respectability too, who are of opinion that a man has a right to consider himself sober as long as he can lie flat on his back without holding on by the ground. For my own part, I am a man of moderate opinions, and would allow that a man was fou without being just so far gone as any of these. But with your leave, gentlemen, I'll tell you a story about the Laird of Bonniemoon, that will be a good illustration of what I call being fou.

"The Laird of Bonniemoon was gae fond of his bottle,—in short, just a poor drunken body, as I said afore. On one occasion he was asked to dine with Lord R——, a neighbour of his, and his lordship, being well acquainted

with the laird's dislike to small drinks, ordered a bottle of cherry brandy to be set before him after dinner, instead of port, which he always drank in preference to claret, when nothing better was to be got. The laird thought this fine, heartsome stuff, and on he went filling his glass like the rest, and telling his cracks, and ever the more he praised his lordship's pert. It was a fine, fullbodied wine, and lay well on the stomach, not like that poisonous stuff, claret, that made a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of puddocks. Well, gentlemen, the laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or, as his lordship called it, 'his particular port,' and had just tossed off a glass of the second bottle, which he declared to be even better than the first, when his old confidential servant, Watty, came staving into the room, and, making his best bow, announced that the laird's horse was at the 'Get out of that, ye fause loon,' cried the laird. door. pulling off his wig and flinging it at Watty's head. 'Do na ye see, ye blethering cuddie, that I'm just beginning my second bottle?' 'But, maister,' says Watty, scratching his head, 'it's maist twal' o'clock.'- 'Well. what though it be?' said the laird, turning up his glass with drunken gravity, while the rest of the company were like to split their sides with laughing at him and Wattv. canna be ony later, my man, so just reach me my wig, and let the naig bide a wee.' Well, gentlemen, it was a cold, frosty night, and Watty soon tired kicking his heels at the door; so, in a little while, back he comes, and says he, 'Maister, maister, its amaist one o'clock!' 'Well. Watty,' says the laird, with a hiccup,-for he was far gone by this time,—'it will never be any earlier,

Watty, my man, and that's a comfort, so you may just rest yoursel' a wee while langer, till I finish my bottle. A full belly makes a stiff back, you know, Watty.' Watty was by this time, dancing mad; so, after waiting another half-hour, back he comes, and says he, 'Laird, laird, as true as death the sun's rising.' 'Weel, Watty,' says the laird, looking awful wise, and trying with both hands to fill his glass, 'let him rise, my man, he has farther to gang the day than either you or me, Watty.'

"This answer fairly dumfoundered poor Watty, and he gave it up in despair. But at last the bottle was finished; the laird was lifted into the saddle, and off he rode in high glee, thinking all the time the moon was the sun, and that he had fine daylight for his journey. 'Hech, Wotty, my man,' says the laird, patting his stomach and speaking awful thick, 'we were nane the worse for that

second bottle this frosty mornin."

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"'Faith,' says Watty, bloving his fingers, and looking as blue as a bilberry, 'your honour is maybe nane the worse for it, but I'm nane the better; I wish I was.' Well, on they rode fu' cannily, the laird gripping hard at the horse's mane, and rolling about like a sack of meal; for the cold air was beginning to make the spirits tell on him. At last they came to a bit of a brook that crossed the road, and the laird's horse, being pretty well used to have his own way, stopped short, and put down his head to take a drink. This had the effect to make the poor laird lose his balance, and away he went over the horse's ears into the very middle of the brook. The laird, honest man, had just sense enough to hear the splash, and knew that something was wrong; but he was that drunk that

he did not in the least suspect that it was himself. 'Watty,' says he, sitting up in the middle of the stream, and stammering out the words with great difficulty, 'Watty, my man, there is surely something tumbled into the brook, Watty.'—'Faith, you may say that,' replied Watty, like to fall off his horse with laughing, 'for it's just yourself, laird!'—'Hout, fie; no, Watty,' cried the laird, with a hiccup between every word, 'it surely canna be me, Watty, for I'm here!'"

"Now gentlemen," continued the doctor, "here is a case in which I would allow a man to be drunk, although he had neither lost his speech, nor the use of his limbs."

BETTER one idea, glorious to man and honoring to God, than a legion which never pulse beyond the line of pitiful selfishness. Better to rear one eagle to sweep in the upper sky than a thousand chickens to scratch in the ground.

A LESSON IN PARSING.—"What case is Mr. Maddle?" said a country school master, addressing one of his grammar pupils. "He's a hard case, thir," was the answer. "Wrong—the next." "He's an objective case, thir." "How so?" "Cause he objected to sign the pledge."

THE Temperance Reform is an idea in whose consummation is centered the highest good of the race to-day and for ages to come. And yet there are hosts of minds which cannot comprehend it, and with canting words, talk about one-idea men.



COURAGE, LOST ONE.

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Who would be a moral knave?
Who would be a sot and slave?
Who would fill a drunkard's grave?
Never let it be.

Who will take the noble plan?
Who will prove himself a man?
Lost one! if you will, you can;
Will it and be free!

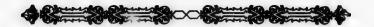
Let no coward fears affright, God is on the side of right; He will aid you by his might, If you will be free.

Never such a word as fail; Right is might, and must prevail; Darkest foes in vain assail; Onward, and be free!

Wipe the tear from woman's eye; Still the hungry children's cry; Be a freeman, live or die; Triumph waits the free!

Self-Inflictions.—Ask any man if he wants a racking head, burning veins, and a diseased stomach, and he will think you mad. And yet hundreds will pay for them.

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THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

ARK is the night!—how dark!—no light! no fire!

Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire.

Shivering she watches by the cradle side For him who pledged her love—last year a bride.

"Hark! 'tis his footstep!

No! 'tis past—'tis gone!

Tick! tick! how wearily the time rolls on!

Why should he leave me thus?

He once was kind, and I believed 'twould last;

Oh! how mad, how blind!

Rest thee, my babe, rest on, 'tis hunger's cry!

Sleep, for there's no food! the fount, the fount is dry!

Famine and cold their wearing work have done! [die.

My heart must break! and thou, my child, my hope, wilt

Hush! the clock strikes one.

"Hark! 'tis the tavern's roar! yes! he's there, he's there!
For this he leaves me to despair. [what?
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for
The wanton's smile, the villain, and the sot!
Yet I'll not curse him—no! 'tis all in vain.
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again. [child!
And I could starve, and bless him,—but for you, my
O fiend! O fiend!

Hush! the clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by. Moan, moan, ye winds, through the cloudy sky.

Ha! 'tis his knock, he comes, he comes once more;

No! 'tis the lattice flaps; my hope, my hope is o'er.

Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay, he knows I stay

Night after night in loneliness, in loneliness to pray For his return, and yet he sees no tear!
No, no, it cannot be. Oh, he will be here!
Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart;—
Thou art cold, thou art freezing,
But we will not, will not part.
Husband! I die. Father, it is not he, it is not he.
O God! protect my child!

Hush! the clock strikes three!"

They're gone! they're gone! the glimmering spark hath
The wife and child are numbered with the dead; [fled,
On the cold earth outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lies frozen on its mother's breast.
The drunkard came at last, but all was o'er—
Dread silence reigned around—

The clock struck four.

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A LIVING death is the drunkard's existence—no enjoyments, no comfort in the inebriating cup. Home loses every attraction; every endearing tie that once held him close to its circle is broken by the demon that lures him to destruction, Young men! every day you see these things around you. Take warning from the past, and act wisely for the future.



THE PUMP AND THE TAVERN.

CHARACTERS,—Pump, Tavern, Drunkard's Wife, Public Opinion, Legislation.

UMP-My name is Pump. There is nothing extraordinary in my appearance, it is true: neither is there anything very elegant in my structure; but this I may say of myself: I am a useful member of society; I am the friend of every member of society; I am the friend of every man, woman, and child; the very dogs in the street regard me as their benefactor. I said I was useful, Well, it would require the tongue of a lawyer and the eloquence of an orator justly to describe in how many ways I am serviceable. I am used in public and in private, in summer and in winter, by people of every rank and condition in life. There is not a branch of industry, or a department in science or art, with which I am not directly or indirectly connected. Where would be the world-famed cotton and woollen fabrics, were I not to assist in the bleaching and dyeing processes? Where would be the extensive traffic on our railways, were not my element forced into the locomotive-boiler and generated into steam? Where would be all the treasures of literature, were I not to assist in the manufacture of paper? Where would be all the necessaries and luxuries of life, were not my element to descend in fertilizing showers upon waving corn-fields and teeming orchards? Where would be all the beauties and charms of nature, the colours of the rainbow, the perfume and tints of flowers, the warbling of birds, the splendour of landscape; in short, what would be the— [Enter Tavern.]

TAVERN—Oh! ah! yes! How are you Mr. Pump? Haven't seen you I don't care when. [Attempts to shake hands.]

PUMP—No, no: let every rogue shake his own hand.

TAVERN [tries again]—Shake hands, old fellow, with your friend, Mr. Tavern.

PUMP—Friend! How can I recognize a friend in one of the greatest foes of human happiness? You are the prolific source of crime, pauperism, insanity, and death; you are the enemy of the church and the Sabbath-school, you hinder every benevolent and philanthropic movement; you retard all intellectual, social, and moral advancement: you are—

TAVERN—Stay, stay; I cannot, I will not, suffer you thus to insult me.

PUMP-You are the-

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re, of TAVERN—I tell you I cannot let you proceed further until you hear me vindicate my character. I have been impeached most unjustly by young and old in these modern times. Now, I mean to say that I am a public benefactor [a voice cries "Public nuisance"]. What was that, Mr. Pump?

PUMP—Why, the very boys in the street are calling you a public nuisance.

TAVERN—I suppose these are some of your Band of Hope friends. Why don't you teach them to respect their superiors?

[Enter Drunkard's Wife.]

DRUNKARD'S WIFE—Respect you! Who can respect

those who take the bread out of the children's mouths and the clothes from their backs?

TAVERN—Do I ask your husband to spend his money with me?

DRUNKARD'S WIFE—No, Mr. Tavern, but you do far worse; you insinuate that you are his friend.

TAVERN-Of course I am!

PUMP—Let the poor woman speak.

DRUNKARD'S WIFE—You allure him with gilded rooms and fine music; but who will compensate me for the injury I sustain from you?

TAVERN—If your husband is fool enough to spend his money with me, all I can say is—that—ah!—

Pump—That he is a fool?

TAVERN-Did I call her husband a fool?

DRUNKARD'S WIFE—Yes, you did [sobs]: I heard you.

TAVERN—Well, I beg your pardon; I meant to say that—ah!—

PUMP—The fact is, you can say nothing in your own defence, for so long as you are allowed to exist, these direful consequences must follow; but let me warn you that all my temperance friends are now combined for your entire suppression and overthrow.

TAVERN—My overthrow! Ha! ha! How absurd to talk about demolishing one of the oldest, the strongest, the most elegant, useful, and benevolent institutions in the country!

DRUNKARD'S WIFE-Benevolent! For shame, sir!

TAVERN—Do I not furnish a spacious room for your husband's comfort? Do I not seek to refine his taste by exhibiting on my walls the paintings of great artists?

Do I not endeavor to dispel his sorrow and brighten his imagination with classical music, both vocal and instrumental, not to mention the dazzling splendour of my mirrors and chandeliers? Can you offer such good things for your husband at his own home?

DRUNKARD'S WIFE—God knows I cannot, while he leaves his money with you, Mr. Tavern. [Goes out crying.]

TAVERN—I cannot tell what that woman is crying for. Pump—Ah! if you could witness all the desolate homes, the starving children, and broken-hearted mothers, made so by you, you would understand what she is crying for.

TAVERN—Have I not said that I do not compel people to enter my house • If people will drink till reason is dethroned, until the ties of nature and affection are severed, and the body laid prostrate in disease and wretchedness, what is it to me? It is their own deliberate act.

[Enter Public Opinion.]

Public Opinion—My name is Public Opinion. I have been reflecting upon the services which you two gentlemen render to my country. You, Mr. Pump, have my entire approbation; you daily and hourly contribute to the happiness and prosperity of my people. Your element sweeps in the foaming ocean, and bears upon its bosom the wealth of nations, Your element circulates in clouds, and descends in showers that fertilize the soil and invigorate; all vegetable life. Without your element the luxuries and necessaries of life could not be produced, no

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process of manufacture completed, no result in science or art obtained; in short, Mr. Pump, life itself would become extinct and creation a blank were it not for your element. You have been a faithful old friend; henceforth your name shall be Fountain. You shall stand in the most fashionable and public streets and squares in my country. You shall have a most elegant appearance, and all my people shall regard you as a public benefactor.

PUMP-I am flattered by the compliment, sir.

TAVERN—Have you not one word of commendation for me, Mr. Public Opinion?

PUBLIC OPINION—You! you heartless villain! You, whose hand is against every man! You, the betrayer of my children, the foe of commerce, the enemy of social and religious progress, the distributor of crime, disease, poverty, insanity, and death! I have been a long time trying to restrain you with gentle measures, but to no purpose. Every day I learn from my friend, the public press, that your outrages upon society are more frequent and more violent than ever. My mind is fully made up!

TAVERN—Spare me! spare me! Mr. Public Opinion.

Public Opinion—Not for another day. I will call in
my officer at once, and order your execution. [Calls in
a loud voice for Legislation.]

[Enter Legislation.]

Pul John No Officer, this person must be taken to jail. I will signal a death-warrant at six o'clock to-day. No further trial is needed. My voice is law. Seize him and do your duty.

[Legislation seizes him by the collar and drags him off. Ex cunt.]

THE LITTLE SHOES.

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OME months ago—I need not mention where—
There was a meeting in a temperance hall,
And many a working-man assembled there;
Among them sat a man, well dressed and tall,
Who listened anxiously to every word,
Until one near spoke to him thus:
"Come, William Turner, I have never heard
How that you changed so much: so tell to us
Why you gave up the public-house. Ah! few,
I'm sure can tell so strange a tale as you."

Up rose William at the summons, Glanced confusedly round the hall. Cried, with voice of deep emotion— "The little shoes—they did it all!

- "One night, on the verge of ruin, As I hurried from the tap, I beheld the landlord's baby Sitting in its mother's lap.
- "' Look, dear father,' said the mother, Holding forth the little feet;
- 'Look we've got new shoes for darling! Don't you think them nice and neat?'
- "Ye may judge the thing is simple, Disbelieve me if you choose;

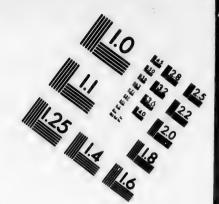
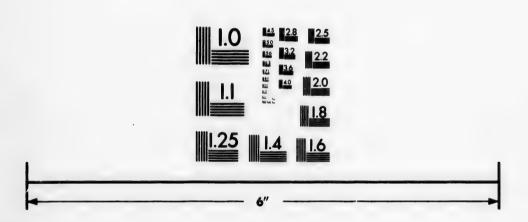


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But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me Such a blow as those small shoes.

- "And they forced my brain to reason:
 'What right,' said I, standing there,
 'Have I to clothe another's children,
 And to let my own go bare?'
- "It was in the depth of winter, Bitter was the night, and wild; And outside the flaring ginshop Stood my starving wife and child.
- "Out I went, and clutched my baby, Saw its feet so cold and blue; Fathers! if the small feet smote me, What did those poor bare feet do?
- "Quick I thrust them in my bosom; Oh! they were so icy chill! And their coldness, like a dagger, Pierced me—I can feel it still.
- "Of money I had but a trifle, Just enough to serve my stead; I bought shoes for little baby, And a single loaf of bread.
- "That loaf served us all the Sunday, And I went to work next day, Since that time I've been teetotal— That is all I've got to say."



LEARN TO SAY NO.

OHN BROWN was a man without houses or lands, But happy while making good use of his hands; He kept a good home by the sweat of his brow, And when requested to drink could firmly say No.

John Brown had a wife who was fond of her home; So John was unwilling to wander or roam; She could bake, she could make, she could trim, she could sew,

And find time to teach her three boys to say No.

On John Brown, as a workman, his boss could depend, Till one cold winter's day he met an old friend, Who asked him to drink, it would keep out the snow; John refused, then consented, ashamed to say No.

John Brown caught the plague,—it was the plague of his life;

It plagued his poor children, it plagued his poor wife; It so plagued his employer that he told John to go, And stay from his work till he learned to say No.

John Brown had a home, but a change is now seen,
Although his wife did her best to keep the boys neat and
clean;

The savings are spent, the best chairs had to go; John saw the sad change, but could not say No.

THE TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

John Brown had a Bible,—his mother's last gift,—
This was not sold when the bookcase was stripped;
John thought what his mother said when he saw the
book now,—

That in times of temptation he should firmly say No.

John Brown had a heart; he saw his wife's tears; He thought of his home,—the home of past years; He thought of his boys, so ill-clad in the snow; [No. He thought what they suffered through his not saying

John Brown took the pledge, and asked help from above That he still might provide for those he should love; He went back to his work, determined to show That John Brown was a man when he learned to say NO.

DASH IT DOWN!

To earth the cup be hurled
That holds an adder's sting;
And let us pledge the world
With nectar from the spring,
That hence, like Rechab's ancient line,
Though prophets urge, we drink no wine!

THE CROOKED TREE.

CHARACTERS.—Annie and Sarah.

NNIE—How very happy you look this morning,
Sarah! Something has pleased you, I'm sure.

SARAH—Oh! yes, Annie; father has signed the temperance pledge.

ANNIE—Father signed the pledge? How ridiculous! your father never was a drunkard.

SARAH—No, but he went to hear a temperance sermon.

ANNIE—Well, and what of that?

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SARAH—Why father was so convinced that teetotalism was better than drinking, that he signed the pledge there and then.

ANNIE—What's the use of talking about drinking, when you say your father never was a drunkard?

SARAH—I know that father never was a drunkard, but I must confess that he was a drinker,

ANNIE—A drinker! Why, how much did he drink—a gallon a day?

SARAH—No: father used to take a gill at dinner, and another at supper-time.

Annie-And do you call a man a drinker for that?

SARAH-What do you call him ?

Annie—Why, I'm sure I would not call him a drinker, that would be putting him on the same side as drunkards.

SARAH—What would you call me if you saw me take a glass of water every day?

ANNIE—Why, of course, I should call you a water-drinker.

SARAH—But suppose the glass had contained beer instead of water.

Annie—Why, of course, I should say you were taking your daily glass.

SARAH—What do you mean by taking?

ANNIE-Why, you stupid, I mean drinking.

SARAH—Now, come, don't get out of temper, because I want you to call things by their proper names.

ANNIE—But I shall never call a man a drinker because he takes a glass now and then. It is shocking to call a good Christian man a drinker; that puts him on the same line as the drunkard!

SARAH—Exactly; that's just what I want to prove. Do you not see that it must be so, since the station of "one glass," is the very place where all drunkards first started?

ANNIE—They must have gone down to a wrong line after.

SARAH—very true. But don't you see if they had not started from the station of "one glass," they could never get on the line of drunkenness.

ANNIE-I cannot see that.

SARAH—Do you know that crooked tree which grows near Farmer Brownlow's house?

ANNIE—Yes; but what has that to do with drinking? SARAH—Listen. That crooked old tree is just like

the drunkard in his crooked and perverse ways, with his ragged coat, his bloodshot eye, and his quivering lip.

ANNIE-Yes, I can understand all that.

SARAH—Well, now, how did the tree become so ugly and crooked?

Annie—Why, because it was not trained properly when it was a tender plant.

SARAH—And that is exactly why people become drunkards—because they were not trained properly while they were young. Don't you remember what the Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it?" Is that true?

Annie—Yes, that must be true; for God said it by the mouth of Solomon.

SARAH—Well, now, just think, for a moment, how drunkards are made every year. God sent them into the world, as he sent you and me, perfectly sober, with a body adapted, not for alcohol, but for clear, sparkling water. But when they become boys and girls, and are able to observe and reflect, they see their fathers, and mothers, and friends taking the drink, saying how good and necessary it is for health and happiness, and they believe that what father, and mother, and friends say and do must be right, and thus thousands of boys and girls receive bad impressions and form wrong habits. They begin just to taste a little, and get from little to much, from much to more, until the full-grown drunkard appears in all his crooked deformity.

Annie—There is great force in what you say; but I must be off. Good-morning.

SARAH—Stay! There is another thought: are you convinced that teetotalism is right?

Annie-Oh! yes, I believe it is doing a good work.

SARAH—Then why don't you come and join us?

ANNIE-What am I to do?

SARAH—Why you can do as I do—sign the pledge, and set an example which others may safely follow: and try to get others to sign. You know what the song says:

"Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure."

Annie—Yes, you are right; I think I will do as you do.

SARAH—Come along, then, and sign the pledge first. [Annie signs the pledge.]

Sign of a Tavern.—A little boy, seeing a drunken man prostrate before the door of a groggery, opened the door, and putting in his head, said to the proprietor, "See here, master, your sign has fallen down."

THE "TEETOT"." APPRENTICE.—Not long ago in a small town of Lincolnshire, a wretched victim of habit thus accosted a lad standing at a shop door: "I say, boy, can you tell me where there's a dram-shop?" "No!" replied the youth, "I never tell anybody where to find such places." How much more truly noble was this than the conduct of these fashionable "abstainers" who, refusing the evil drink themselves, will yet furnish it to others!



WORK AND PRAY.

HERE'S a feeling stronger growing;
Push away!
There's a stream of reason flowing;

Work and pray;

There's a spirit having birth,
Robed in truth and moral worth,
That shall purify the earth
In the future day.

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sto Aid the movement, every preacher;

Push away!

Aid it every Sunday teacher;

Work and pray;

Aid it, hosts of Christian men,

Pulpit, platform, press, and pen,

Eden's flowers shall bloom again

In the future day.

Aid it, every wisdom-seeker;
Push away!
Strong drink's power is growing weaker;
Work and pray;
Work! the happy era nears
That shall stay its groans and fears;
There will be no drink-caused tears
In the future day.

Help! they are your erring neighbours Led astray! Heaven is smiling on your labours;

Work and pray.

Help the paradise to make,

Help! for human life's at stake,

Help! oh! help for mercy's sake

On the happier day!

TEMPERANCE.

THE glad sound of Temp'rance is echoed afar,

The breezes have borne the glad tidings abroad;
The light that is beaming from virtue's bright star,
Is chasing the darkness from sorrow's abode.
The wastes of the desert in verdure appear,
With rich blooming fragrance perfuming the air;
The mountains are sinking, the valleys arise,
The earth is becoming the joy of the skies.

The glad sound of Temp'rance is echoed afar,
And converts outnumber the drops of the morn;
Loud songs of rejoicing are borne through the air,
From regions long wasted, despised, and forlorn.
Now millions awaking receive the glad word,
And outcasts reforming, return to the Lord;
The earth and the sea shall be cleansed from the stain,
And Temp'rance triumphant for ever shall reign!



THE SCOLDING OLD DAME.

HERE once was a toper—I'll not tell his name—
Who had for his comfort a scolding old dame;
And often and often he wished himself dead,
For, if drunk he came home, she would beat him to bed.
He spent all his evenings away from his home,
And, when he returned, he would sneakingly come
And try to walk straightly, and say not a word—
Just to keep his dear wife from abusing her lord;
For if he dared say his tongue was his own,
'Twould set her tongue going, in no gentle tone. [names,
And she'd huff him, and cuff him, and call him hard
And he'd sigh to be rid of all scolding old dames.

It happened, one night, on a frolic he went,
He stayed till his very last penny was spent;
But how to go home, and get safely to bed,
Was the thing on his heart that most heavily weighed.
But home he must go; so he caught up his hat,
And off he went singing—by this and by that,
"I'll pluck up my courage; I guess she's in bed,
If she ain't, 'tis no matter, I'm sure. Who's afraid?"
He came to his door; he lingered until
He peeped, and he listened, and all seemed quite still,
In he went, and his wife, sure enough, was in bed!
"Oh!" says he, "it's just as I thought. Who's afraid?"
He crept about softly, and spoke not a word;
His wife seemed to sleep, for she never e'en stirred!
Thought he, "For this night, then, my fortune is made;

For my dear, scolding wife is asleep! Who's afraid?"
But soon he felt thirsty; and slyly he rose,
And, groping around, to the table he goes,
The pitcher found empty, and so was the bowl,
The pail, and the tumblers—she'd emptied the whole!
At length, in a corner, a vessel he found!
Says he, "Here's something to drink, I'll be bound!"
And eagerly seizing, he lifted it up—
And drank it all off at one long, hearty sup!

It tasted so queerly; and what could it be?

He wondered. It neither was water nor tea!

Just then a thought struck him and filled him with fear:

"Oh! it must be the poison for rats I declare!"

And loudly he called on his dear sleeping wife,

And begged her to rise: "for," said he, "on my life
I fear it was poison the bowl did contain.

Oh dear! yes, it was poison; I now feel the pain?"

"And what made you dry, sir?" the wife sharply cried,

"Twould serve you just right if from poison you died;

And you've done a fine job, and you'd now better march,

For just see, you brute, you have drunk all my starch!"

WHO MAKES THE DRUNKARDS?—"Behold the fruits of drunkenness," said a landlord to an only daughter, whom he almost idolized, as he kicked a poor inebriate into the street. "Poor fellow! I see," replied the daughter. "Let me caution you to beware, and not to get a drunken husband!" "Who makes the drunkards, father?" The landlord sloped. The last question was a poser.

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THE COLD WATER BAND.

N, brothers, on! The fight is before you!
Hold to your weapons, stay not your hand!
Steadfastly pushing your conquest right through,
And yielding to none, the Cold Water band.

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On, brothers, on! Though deep is the shadow,
And foes press around and force you to stand!
Light is beyond, and near is the halo
Of Temperance truth to the Cold Water Band.

On, brothers, on! Hark ye to the weeping!

The heart-rending cry that rings through the land!

See ye the harvest the enemy's reaping!

Up and be doing, ye Cold Water Band.

On, brothers, on! and never be beaten!

A breach has been made; let it be manned!

Linger not long, for the hours are fleeting,—

Stand to your colours, ye Cold Water Band.

On, brothers, on! Much good you have done,—Yet weak is the flame; and let it be fanned,
Till it reach to the poles, and all shall be won,
Swelling the ranks of the Cold Water Band.

On, brothers, on! For glory awaits you,—
Peace smiles around and stretches her hand;
Drink it has fallen, and drunkenness too,
And victory crowns the Cold Water Band!



MINORITY, WITH GOD A MAJORITY.

I T is said of us Temperance men, "You are in such a minority! You will never do anything because you are in such a minority!" What is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom ?—to the Covenanters. Ah, they were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority that through blood, and tears, and hootings, and scourgings—dveing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom. Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken

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attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

"Troops of beautiful tall angels"

gathered round him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

Therefore I say to the friends of this movement, remember that no man is indispensable. Oh, if we could but be hidden ourselves! If we could get under the banner and be hidden under its folds, only bearing it right in the van! If it is God's will that you and I or any of us shall work in this movement, we shall work! Men nor devils shall drive us away. If it is His will, and if He shall supply to us the strength, we shall work where He will, and when He will, and how He will. It is for us. as I have just said, to do this, and to leave the result in His hands. But there is encouragement for us in the fact that we are right. Our object is to roll back the tide of drunkenness from the land. Our object is to dry up the fountain of drunkenness. Your object is to put a seal on the liquor traffic. You have to put the seal of your reprobation upon it, by your votes and your legislative enactments. Now all you have to do is, in the fear of God, in one mighty phalanx, to move with that moral power that belongs to you, and demand that these places shall be closed. If it is against the law to work a distillery, there is power enough in this meeting to-night to blow such a blast as shall stop that distillery. If it is right to do it, there is moral power enough to do it, if with moral force we should rouse it to the act. Oh, for more faith! then we should have better work.

Let us then, brethern, be at work for the young and old; for the poor and wretched drunkard, steeped to his lips in degradation; and for the unpolluted child. Let us keep at work—one hand for moral suasion and one for prohibition—work all together; basing all our efforts upon total abstinence as a rule, as a principle, and as a part of our religion; our motto, "Excelsior:" our hope, there is a better day coming; our prayer always, "God speed the right."—

JOHN B. GOUGH.

SWALLOWING A YARD OF LAND!

"DICK, let's have a pint of beer," said a railway navvie to his mate. "Nay, Jack, I can't afford to drink a square yard of good land, worth £60 10s. an acre." "What's that you're saying, Dick?" "Why, every time you spend threepence in beer, you spend what would buy a square yard of land. Look here:—[Dick takes a piece of chalk out of his pocket and begins to make figures on his spade.] "There are 4840 square yards in an acre; threepence is one-fourth of a shilling; divide 4840 yards by 4, that gives 1210 shillings. Now divide by 20 (there being 20 shillings to a £1), and you have £60 10s., which is the cost of an acre of good land, at threepence a square yard!!"—From British Workman.

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WHAT IS A LIQUOR SHOP?



VAMPIRE, fattening on the pain
Of bleeding hearts and children slain;

A foe to virtue, learning, truth, The bane of age and snare of youth; A licensed woe and murder den. A curse and pest to honest men; A nation's burning blot and shame, Which all its noblest deeds defame; Death's gilded door, round which men wait, And madly take the poisoned bait: A source from whence pollution streams, Darkening beauty's heavenly beams; The poor man's foe, the wise man's dread, Where poverty to vice is wed; A trumpet-call to all the good To join in holy brotherhood, This glaring wrong to sweep away, And hydra host of evils slay; The misery and crime it brings To rank among departed things, Whose spectres, trembling in the gloom, Us wakeful keep; lest it resume Its blasting sway, and daring, wage Destructive warfare with the age. Then rouse ye, all who hold the helm Of public action in the realm!

Mark well the facts within your reach, For these a fearful lesson teach Of fostered ignorance and sin, In these abodes of beer and gin. If, then, from guilt you would be free, Declare—this evil shall not be!

SOAP-SUDS.—A lady had a daughter about eight years of age, who had never tasted intoxicating drinks. She was asked if she had ever seen any. "Yes," was the reply. "What did it look like?" inquired an elder sister. "Like dirty water with soap-suds at the top," was the reply.

DR. ADAM CLARK, in his Commentary, has the following critical notes on I Peter, v. 8.

BE SOBER.—Avoid drunkenness of your senses, and drunkenness in your souls.

YOUR ADVERSARY THE DEVIL GOETH ABOUT.—This is the reason why ye should be vigilant.

SLEKING WHOM HE MAY DEVOUR.—Whom he may gulph down.

In the original there is a beauty in the verse, and a striking opposition between the first and last words. BE SOBER, do not drink, do not swallow down. HEAR THIS! YE DRUNKARDS, TOPERS AND TIPPLERS, or by whatsoever name ye are known in society, or among your fellow sinners,—Strong drink is not only the way to the devil, but the devil's way unto you, and ye are such as the devil MAY SWALLOW down.



THE WRECKERS.

ARK! to the roar of the surges,
Hark! to the wild winds' howl!
See the black cloud that the hurricane urges,
Bend like a maniac's scowl!
Full on the sunken lee ledges,
Laps the devoted bark;
And the loud waves, like a hundred sledges,
Smite to the doomed mark!

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Shrilly the shriek of the seamen

Cleaves like a dart through the roar;

Harsh as the pitiless laugh of a demon,

Rattles the pebbled shore.

Ho! for the life-boat, brothers:

Now may the hearts of the brave,

Hurling their lives to the rescue of others,

Conquer the stormy wave.

'Shame for humanity's treason!
Shame for the form we wear!
Blush at the temple of pity and reason
Turned to a robber's lair!
Worse than the horrible breakers,
Worse than the shattering storm,
See the rough-handed, remorseless wreckers
Stripping the clay yet warm.

Plucking at girlhood's tresses,

Tangled with gems and gold;
Snatching love-tokens from manhood's caresses—
Clenched with a dying hold.

What of the shrieks of despairing?

What of the last faint gasp?

Robbers, who lived would but lesson your sharing:
Gold—'twas a god in your grasp!

Boys in their sunny brown beauty,
Men in their rugged bronze,
Women whose wail might have taught wolves a duty,
Dead on the merciless stones.
Tenderly slid o'er the plundered
Shrouds from the white-capped surge;
Loud on the traitors the mad ocean thundered—
Low o'er the lost sang a dirge.

Wo! there are deadlier breakers,
Billows that burn as they roll!
Flanked by a legion of crueller wreckers—
Wreckers of body and soul;
Traitors to God and humanity.
Circes that hold in their arms
Blood-dripping murder, and hopeless insanity,
Folly and famine by turns.

Crested with wine redly flashing,
Swollen with liquid fire,
How the strong ruin comes fearfully dashing,
High as the soul walks, and higher!

Virtue, and manhood, and beauty,
Hope and the sunny-haired bliss,
With the diviner white angel of duty,
Sink in the burning abyss.

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What, if the soul of the drunkard
Shrivel in quenchless flame?
What, though his children, by beggary conquered,
Plunge into ruin and shame?
Gold has come in to the wreckers,
Murder has taken his prize;
Gold, though a million hearts burst on the breakers,
Smothers the crime and the cries!

Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach Intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. In this country, blessed with freedom and plenty, the Word of God and the liberties of true religion, I charge it as the cause, whatever be their source elsewhere, of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and almost all the misery, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion, that disgrace and afflict the land. "I am not mad most noble Festus. I speak the words of truth and soberness." As compared with other vices, it may be said of this, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands."—Dr. Guthrie.



ITS NAME IS LEGION.

F war has slain thousands, intemperance has slain its tens of thousands. And where is the father who would not prefer to see his son shot down before his face, than to behold him poisoned to a degrading death by these foul harpies whom LEGION has employed?

And who are the men whose fate has thus been sealed in hopeless ruin?

They are young, They were seized and bound while young. Hardly one in hundreds has passed the maturity of his earthly days. Did they begin as purposed, willing drunkards? Nothing was further from their thoughts or desires. They have waded out most gradually, almost imperceptibly, into the deep. They then looked down upon the inebriate sot with sorrow and contempt, as others now look down upon them. They started with the drop which their fathers gave them, or with the offered glass of friendship, at noon or night, when they lacked the courage to refuse. The demon seized them when they were sheltered, as they thought, far from his abodes, and led them on, his purpose fixed, though yet unknown to them, for their final ruin.

Where did this work of ruin begin? Do not tell me at the tavern or in haunts like that. What gave to pure and innocent youth that taste for taverns? Where did they get the appetite which sought its objects and its pleasures there? You will be compelled to look back far beyond this final limit, and to feel and to acknowledge

the responsibility often coming far nearer home. The moderate drinker is but an indentured apprentice to the the drunkard. A gracious divine Providence may cripple his ability in his youth, and he may not thoroughly learn his trade. But the habitual glass, however apparently refined, signs his indenture. And no one who starts in the initiation of the craft, or who leads another to take a single step in its clearly-marked line, has power to define the limits of the course.

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God grant that we may never live to see our sons and daughters, so precious in our sight, cast out to perish under the destroying power of this Legion demon! But if we would avoid this terrible sorrow, let us avoid all connection with the habit or the trade. Let us remember that he plucks the lambs from the flock at home, and selects the victims for his holocausts when they and theirs least expect his approach. If you will save the souls of your children from the destruction, or yourselves from all participation in the ruin, banish the "accursed thing" from your habitations; lock up the tempting bottles from their sight; and neither have, nor use, nor offer upon your tables this unnecessary inducement to vice, this direct provision for impoverishment of the health, poison to the bodies, and destruction of the souls of yourselves, and your children, and your friends.—REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

WHO WOULD?—Who would trust his life in the hands of a drunken physician? Not even the drunkard himself.



THE RIGHTS OF THE RUMSELLER.

To arm the murderer's hand;
To make the midnight robber bold;
To light the incendiary brand;
To start the starving orphan's tears;
To raise afresh the widow's curse;
To shade the sunset of man's years,
And even make the vilest worse.

To lead the nation's youth astray;
To tempt, to kill, and to destroy;
On human wretchedness to prey;
To cancel every human joy;
To blast each strong and vigorous tree
Which rears aloft its manly crest;
To blacken every destiny,
Which, but for him, might have been blest.

His rights! The very fiends of hell
Have rights as good as his to claim!
His rights! No tongue nor pen can tell,
One half his wrongs or paint his shame.
His rights! It makes grim Satan sneer,
The special pleading of his friends,
In their profound debates, to hear,
While working out his fiendish ends.

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By all the glories of the past—
By all our sires have ever done
To make the nation great at last—
The purest, freest 'neath the sun—
Awake, ye people! up and arm,
And battle in this holy cause!
Dispel the Rum-fiend's cursed charm,
And call aloud for temperance laws!

DESERT THE SPARKLING WINE.

O LEAVE the Bacchanalian scene,
The poison'd flowing bowl;
And come with me where joys serene
Compose the "flow of soul!"
Come where fair Temperance sheds her ray,
Where hope's mild lustre shines;
I'll shew thee on this festive day
How we abstain from wines!

I'll tell thee of the happy hours
Which light life's deepest gloom;
I'll lead thee to the beauteous bowers
Where health and honour bloom!
I'll shew thee the illustrious way
Where nature's glories shine;
I'll bid thee, on this happy day,
Desert the sparkling wine!



UNCLE BILLY'S SPEECH.

HEN I was a drunkard, I couldn't ever get my barn more than half full. The first year after I signed the pledge, I filled my barn; the second year, I filled my barn, and had two stacks; this year, I filled my barn, and have four stacks. When I was a drunkard. I owned only one poor old cow, and I think she must have been ashamed of me, for she was red in the face; now I own five good cows, and I own three as good horses as ever looked through a collar. When I was a drunkard. I trudged from place to place on foot; now I can ride in a carriage of my own. When I was a drunkard, I was three hundred dollars in debt; since I signed the total abstinence pledge, I have paid the debt, and have purchased two hundred acres of wild land, and I have the deed in my possession; two of my sons, who are teetotalers, are living on that lot. When I was a drunkard, I used to swear; I have ceased to be profane. year of my drunkenness, my doctor's bill amounted to thirty dollars; since I signed the pledge, I have not been called upon to expend a red cent for medicine. I am not a poet, but I have put my farewell to rum into verse :--

> Farewell, drunks, so nigh and handy; Farewell, rum and gin and brandy; Farewell, empty pots and kettles; Farewell, cupboards without "victuals;"

Farewell, rooms free to all weathers: Farewell, beds which have no feathers: Farewell, floors that need a swab-file; Farewell, yards that have no wood-pile; Farewell, faded vests and breeches; Farewell, coats more holes than stitches; Farewell, hats that have no rims on; Farewell, faces red as crimson; Farewell, tubs that have no bacon; Farewell, ways that I've forsaken; Farewell, broken chairs and tables; Farewell, dwellings worse than stables; Farewell, oaths that I have spoken; Farewell, vows that I have broken; Farewell, landlords and bar-tenders; Farewell, all blue-devil senders.

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"You see the wine when it sparkles in the cup and are going to drink it; I tell you there is poison in it! and therefore beg you to throw it away. If you say it is not poison to me, though it may be to others; then I say throw it away for thy brother's sake, lest thou embolden him to drink also. Why should thy strength occasion thy weak brother to perish for whom Christ died? Now, let anyone judge which is the uncharitable person, he who pleads against the wine for his brother's sake, or he who pleads against the life of his brother for the sake of the wine?"—John Wesley on Wine Drinking.



THE CAMBRIDGE TRAGEDY.

OMEN and facts are stubborn things,

And rule this world in spite of lords and kings;

My muse of facts and women therefore sings.

In famous Cambridge, famed for Harvard College,
Where famous men stuff empty heads with knowledge,
A kind and very worthy woman lives,
Who by economy and labour thrives,—
One Mrs. Hall,
The wife of Oliver, a drinking fellow,
Who, as he loafs about and gets quite mellow,
Is no helpmeet at all.

I said this woman by her labour thrives;
'Tis true; for by the toil of her own hands
She bought the neat white cottage where she lives,
And even the soil on which that cottage stands;
And though her wedded lord his vigils keeps
Night after night, with vilest of the vile,
In earthly hells, called rum-shops, still the while,
She hopes for better days, and toils and weeps.

Oh, could we hit on some successful plan
To make her wedded half a sober man,
'Twould dry her tears, and bid her sorrows cease,
And make that cot the dwelling-place of peace!

But soulless wretches of the basest sort,
The shame, and scourge, and curse of Cambridgeport,
Will still supply that wretched man with rum,
And send him drunk and brawling to his home.

Among the crew was one Bezaleel Wheeler,—
In Boston rum a very noted dealer,—
Who kept himself and store
In what had been a blacksmith's shop of yore;
A place for merchandise not over nice;
And though, as I have heard the neighbours say,
The blacksmith's tools were taken all away,
'Tis plain, I think, there still remained one VICE.

This Wheeler oft did Mrs. Hall exhort,

No more to furnish Oliver with rum;

But to that filthy hole would he resort,

Then crabbed, cross, and railing, seek his home.

One day, as usual, he returned, not drunk,
But half-seas-over, or a little more,
And set the house in such complete uproar
As vexed poor Mrs. Hall, and raised her spunk;
Said she, "I'll go and see that wretch once more."
Her dark eye flashed like lightning, as she spoke,
And putting on her bonnet and her cloak,
She walked with hasty steps to Wheeler's store.

"Is Wheeler here?" the dame did eager ask; Yet nought save echo deigned to make reply; She searched the shop, but nothing could espy Save bottle, glass, and demijohn, and cask:

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Thus disappointed, say what could she do?
Return home, smarting with a sense of wrong,
And still submit to such abuse?—Oh, no!
Glass-ware is quickly broke, and she was strong;
Said she, "I'll show the knave what I can do!"
And to the work with resolution flew.

Then bottles crashed, And liquors splashed, And glasses smashed,

As one by one against the wall she dashed.

At length she clutched a demijohn, and said,

"Come, 'tis your turn; "and bore it to the street;

Then, lifting it on high above her head,

Down came the precious burden at her feet.

As erst before the ark old Dagon fell, So fell *this* heathen god, and such a smell Rose from the wreck, perfuming all the air, As if there had been fifty topers there.

A second demijohn no better fared,

Though at its first descent it stood the shock;

Even "harmless medicines" could not be spared,

For, seizing on the fragment of a rock,

She dealt him such a blow, so fair and full,

As broke this universal doctor's skull.

Strong as it was, at length 'twas forced to yield,

And left the lady mistress of the field;

Man's direst foe did woman's power confess,

And Cambridgeport new boasts one rum-shop less.

My friend, if you have rum-shops in your town, Which you are quite desirous to break down, Look to the dealers well, and on them pour The naked truth in one perpetual shower; Let drunkards' wives appeal, and children plead, And law their pockets touch,—that may succeed; But should you find your efforts baffled all, Take my advice, and send for Mrs. Hall.

ALL'S WELL.

Deserted by my dearest friends,
Strong drink despair and sorrow sends;
O'er children, wife, and lowly cot,
There hangs a sad and threatening lot.
Hark, hark, some footsteps hither stray,
But joys can't soothe the drunkard's day.
Is there hope? stranger quickly tell:
Abstain, repent, believe—All's well.

Now listed in the temp'rance band,
With drunken sots on every hand,
Our watchful guard explores the lanes
To snatch the slave from Satan's chains,
And oft he hears the cheering voice
From homes reformed, where all rejoice.
What cheer? neighbours quickly tell:
Abstain'd, believ'd, Christ died—All's well.

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MODERATE DRINKING.

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ODERATION describes neither quality nor strength. The system of moderate drinking is as unfathomable as the abyss, and uncertain as the wind. It is the great deceiver of nations; promising health and long life, yet destroying more by its tendencies than war, famine, or the plague. It is a sweet morsel in the mouth, but gravel in the belly. It is the A B C of drinking—the picture-book leading the young and thoughtless to the worst lessons of intemperance. It is a regular quack medicine, making splendid promises, but performing no cures, and yet demanding enormous pay. It is the starting-point to the workhouse, the prison, the asylum, the gazette, and the gallows. It is a light-fingered gentleman, who feels every corner of the drawer, and the very bottom of the purse. It is the first step in an inclined plane of rapid descent, smooth as marble, and slippery as glass, ending in an abyss of ruin. It is a beautiful serpent, whose fangs and deadly venom are concealed by the dazzling of its coils. It is hypocrisy personified, an affected outside sobriety, while all is agitation and uncleanliness within. It is the landlord's birdlime, by which he secures his victims, and fastens them in his It is the entrance to a delightful avenue, lined with deceitful flowers, charmed with bewitching sounds, but ending in the caverns of the dead. It is an ignis fatuus, tempting its faded followers over trembling bogs and tumbling them down a frightful precipice. It is the

whirlpool of ruin in which thousands have sunk to rise no more. It appears as an angel of light, assuming a smiling countenance, 'ut is in reality a demon of the bottomless pit. It is like a perpetual dropping, injuring man's constitution far more than occasional drunkenness. It is the birthday and birthplace of all the drunkenness we have in the land. It provides an army of reserve to recruit the ranks of the sixty thousand annually slain by strong drink. It is the bond of union betwixt the publicans, drunken politicians, little-drop ministers, and all enemies to the cause of teetotalism.

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THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BEHOLD her now, the blooming flow'r,
Which once we saw in pride
At morning's dawn, or evenings close
When fell the vesper tide:
O how her voice rang sweet and wild,
As winds along a lyre;
And how her eyes expressive shone,
As sacred eastern fire.

Behold her now! upon her cheeks
The print of deep despair,
And in her eye a troubled light
Speaks want and woe and care?
Why is she thus bow'd down with grief?
Why haggard as from strife?
These awful words will tell the tale—
She is a drunkard's wife.



OBJECTIONS AGAINST ABSTINENCE.

ARDLY any sensible person now defends drinking upon the old plan; but when any one speaks about total abstinence or temperance, the usual mode is to "tret out" some objection against it, and then to endeavour to ride off upon that objection. It is common, for example, to say, "Why, wine is a creature of God, and what could it have been for, but drinking? and if it be a creature of God, therefore it is plain that men must be held to be warranted in using it." It is sufficient to say that there are many creatures of God to the use of which it is proper to set a limit. Arsenic, for example, is very useful in the arts and sciences, very useful in me dicine, and is used by young girls, it is alleged, in Styria in beautifying the skin; but every one knows perfectly well that there are certain limits set, not merely by the common sense of the individual, but by the law, to the use of arsenic. It regulates its sale, and, in many countries, the form and the quantity in which it shall be sold, are present and if it be right and proper to set these limits, and on the part of men to submit to them, it is conceivable that it may be equally right and just and proper to fix a certain limit to the use of this particular creature, and to confine all men and women that have respect to their comfort and welfare within those certain and definite limits. Well, but it is undeniably said that the Bible records the case of many people who use wine, and there is no explicit condemnation of their use

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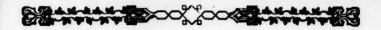
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Suppose we concede that for a moment; there is no difficulty about it. You must be ready to admit, on the other hand, that in many places the Bible explicitly condemns the abuse of wine; it explicitly speaks against strong drink; it denounces it in the strongest language of which we know. Well, but it is said on the part of some: "You take the case of a good man like Timothy. Now, it is unquestionable that Timothy is expressly enjoined by the inspired writer to use a little wine for his stomach's sake, and for his often infirmities." I think that is the one text which the opponents of total abstinence know the best in the whole Bible. Indeed, it seems to me that if they had the making of a kind of eclectic Bible, that and two or three other texts would be about the whole of it. But it appears to me that they entirely misapprehend the force and meaning of that statement. If one judges that statement correctly, it comes substantially to this: That whether he was right or wrong about the matter, Timothy's ordinary habit had been to drink water, and water only. That seems to be the clear, intelligible, and fair inference from the statement. But now an exceptional condition of his health had arisen, and, in view of that peculiar state of his health, the Apostle Paul, reflecting that wisdom and consideration by which the Bible is everywhere characterized, says, "Use no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and for thine often infirmities." And we should do precisely the same thing. We should not feel as an ordinary matter that there was anything in our principles of Christian temperance that interfered with our endorsing or accepting the counsel that was thus

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given; but I would emphatically make it a very little wine for one's stomach sake. If any one is inclined to insist upon pushing the Scripture argument, there is another view that I would commend to the consideration of thoughtful people. Men will say to us, "Ah! yes, everybody is agreed that the abuses of the thing are very bad." There was a day within the memory of some here when people did not talk about the abuses, but they have been carried over that. They all admit the abuses are very bad; they say, "Why don't you total abstinence people keep hammering at the abuses? Why do you talk so much against the uses?" Well, now, upon that subject there is something for fair and candid people to take into account. Is it not conceivable that the frequent use of a thing may become attended with evils so near, so palpable, so many, and so serious, that it will be wise for a good man to consider whether he ought not to forego even the use? Was not that practically the condition in which the Apostle Paul found himself in another matter? Was not that practically the state of things that he contemplated when he said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I shall eat no meat while the world standeth?" Was not that practically his state of mind in another case when he said, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak?" Does any man in his senses question that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of people made weak, made to stumble, and destroyed by the use of this thing ?-REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.



THE DRINK! THE DRINK!

OME near, all ye who have learned to think, And hear me speak of the drink, the drink; Come, male and female; come, age and youth, And list while I tell the simple truth. It's bad for the brain, it's bad for the nerves, For the man that buys and the man that serves; It's bad for the eyes, and it's bad for the breath, It's bad for life, and it's worse for death; It's bad for the pocket, it's bad for the fame, It's bad when often it bears no blame; It's bad for friendship, it's worse for strife, It's bad for the husband, it's bad for the wife; It's bad for the face where the pimples come, It's bad for the children, and bad for the home; It's bad when the tradesman's bill's to pay, It's bad—oh! how bad—for a "rainy day"; It's bad when it nerves a man to do The crime that he's not accustomed to. It was bad for the culprit who sighs in jail, It's bad for his wife—so pale, so pale; It's bad for the strong, and it's bad for the weak, For the sallow tinge that it lends to the check; It's bad when the social glass we take, And bad next morning when we awake; It's bad for the day when you pay the rent, And bad for the child with the pitcher sent;

THE TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

It is bad for the young who schooling lack,
And bad for the clothes on the drunkard's back;
The ruffian's joy, the murderer's hope,
The passport oft to the hangman's rope;
It's bad, as myriads who moan below,
Could they once return, would be fain to show;
It's bad in the morning, it's bad at night,
Though the talk is loud, and the fire burns bright;
It's bad, for it leads from bad to worse—
Not only bad, but a giant curse;
The poor man's bane, destruction's gate,
The church's shame, the blight of the State;
A poison fly, with a venomous sting,
That makes our glory a tainted thing.



